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# JERUSALEM

By

Rebecca K. Krikorian



JERUSALEM FROM THE NORTHEAST



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1919







*Rev. Ernest W. Rogers*

*you*  
*Wilbur Rand Jackman, Mes*

# JERUSALEM

*The Life Sketch of*

Miss Rebecca Krikorian

*and Her Nephew*

Rev. Samuel Krikorian

Together With Their Divine Call  
To Open a Field of Work in

# JERUSALEM

*By*

MISS REBECCA K. KRIKORIAN

A Native of Aintab, Turkey

General Foreign Missionary Board  
Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene  
2109 Troost Avenue, Kansas City, Missouri

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By Rebecca K. Krikorian

General Foreign Missionary Board  
Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene  
2109 Troost Avenue, Kansas City, Missouri

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1919

**This Book**  
is affectionately dedicated to the  
**Living Martyrs of Armenia**  
and to the memory of its  
**Martyrs**  
who have died for their faith in  
**Our Lord Jesus Christ**

“They were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword: they wandered about in sheepskins and goatskins; being destitute, afflicted, tormented; (of whom the world was not worthy:) they wandered in deserts, and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth” (Hebrews 11:37, 38).

REBECCA K. KRIKORIAN.

Pasadena, Cal.  
September, 1919.



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PASTOR KRIKORE HAROOTUNIAN

(Rebecca's Father) the Oldest Evangelical Minister of Armenia and  
Turkey

## I MY PARENTS

"Talk ye of all his wondrous works" (Psalm 105:2).

"Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul" (Psalm 66:16).

One of the most precious gifts which come to us from God in this life is the gift of godly parents. Oh, how much we owe to our godly fathers and mothers! But alas, many of us do not appreciate them until we lose them!

I had this great blessing especially in my father, who was the late oldest evangelical minister of Armenia, or Turkey, and a very successful one as well, and was a most godly, venerable old gentleman.

We have a most interesting family history, coming down from more than two hundred years ago, when in 1706, two very godly and wealthy Persian-Armenian young men merchants, on their way to the Holy City, stopped a few days in Aintab.

They were the sons of a very rich man in Persia who was as godly as he was rich, and belonged to a family that was known and respected by his contemporaries, persons of piety and excellent character.

Neither time nor the space I intend to take in this little book will permit me to go into the details of our family history, so I pass on to say a few words of my own father, Pastor Krikore Harootunian. It is a general custom among Armenians to take the first name of the father and add "ian" to the end of it to make the second or family name, but all my brothers gave to their children "Krikorian" as their surname, as did

also my oldest and only married nephew, Mr. Yesaye (Isaiah) Krikorian (Prov.10:7). My father was the only son in the fourth generation from our ancestor BALU, the younger of the two Christian Armenian brothers from Persia that were going to Jerusalem on a pilgrimage in 1706. Balu was afterwards known as the "BENEFACITOR" of the Armenians of the city of Aintab in his time.

My father was one of the first converts when the missionaries of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions came to Aintab, our own town, about seventy years ago. He suffered much persecution in those early days, but stood firm in his belief and preached the gospel as the *first* evangelist for eight years in towns and cities around about Aintab, such as Aleppo (the "Paris of Persia," as it is sometimes called); Oorfa ("Ur" as it is called in the Bible), the city of Abraham; Antioch, where "the disciples were called Christians first" (here father went repeatedly); Diarbekier; Berajick (a nice little city on the river Euphrates); Se vareck, Divrigie, Kessab, etc. In some of these places he was the one to sow the seed of the truth for the first time, in others to revive what seemed almost a dead work after the first Christian centuries.

After this he was ordained by those early missionaries as the first native pastor of the first evangelical church of Central Turkey Mission, which was the very first church edifice that was built by the firman (permit) of the Sultan, and the second Protestant church in the Turkish Empire. The first one was in Constantinople.

Twelve years ago last March, the second day, was one of the greatest days in the history of missions in Turkey, because it was the jubilee of father's being ordained as the first native pastor in central Turkey.

Until his death, eleven years ago, he was the oldest pastor in Turkey as well as the senior pastor in one of the largest and most spiritual churches in the whole Turkish Empire, which church he himself had organized with a handful of despised and persecuted brethren about fifty years ago.

It is not my intention to tell of the most successful and fruitful life of this great man of God, but I want to take a minute or two and tell you how he passed away to his eternal rest and reward.

On May 14, 1908, at the age of 84, not feeling very well, he was seated on a Turkish lounge, supported by some cushions and pillows. All at once he jumped up and asked one of his sons, who was alone with him in the room, "Who are these?" The son answered, "Father, there is no one in the room." "My," he said, "Look at them." The son began to tremble, being sure that there were some heavenly beings in the room. Then father bent down in our oriental style and welcomed all those heavenly guests by bowing before them three times, turning all around the room as he bowed. Then he inclined his head and listened, for it seemed they were talking to him. After they were through, he turned to them with a smiling face and said, "Yes, I will come with you." Just then he again turned to his son for a moment or two as if he had said to his heavenly escorts, "Just a minute, please," and said, "Who is that standing in that dark corner?" pointing at the same time to the spot. My brother Coffing tremblingly replied again, "Father, there is no one in the room, only you and I." "Why, yes," he said, "there is a poor helpless woman standing over there! All in rags!" he said so pitifully, and continued, "My son, attend to her at once. Never let the poor suffer. Always supply their need as soon as you can and relieve them." Almost with these words on his lips, he was hurried

away by the host of angels or saints, I do not know which, into the bosom of his Savior.

Do not our souls cry out, on hearing of such a death, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his?" And what a legacy he thus left us, his children, in these his last words! One of his charming qualities that made him so great a man of God was his love, tender care, kindness and help to the poor (2 Cor. 5:8; Phil. 1: 21). Thank God that His putting such an example before us in the life of our beloved, sainted father was not in vain. We, his children, as a rule, all have great interest in poor people, and try to do all we can to help them and eliminate their misery.

On account of the climate in Turkey it is customary with us to bury the dead as soon as possible—generally the very day they die—but in this case the public greatly desired to have the body kept for several days so that the numberless sorrowing people of the city might have a chance to give a last look at his peaceful, restful face in the casket at his home. So he was kept for four days. All were greatly affected by his death, and the many poor whom he had befriended, hearing of it, raised up their voices and wept, and when viewing the remains said that the goodness manifested in his life was truly stamped upon his countenance in death. At the funeral there were from eight to ten thousand people, including every nationality in the city of Aintab. The body was carried to the grave on the shoulders of the foremost members of the community, who were allowed to carry the casket for only a moment or two, the bearers being changed often, as it was considered an honor to carry the remains of so great a man of God. So he was loved and honored by his whole congregation and by all who knew him, even as he had loved and served them all.

Father had thirteen children, like the patriarch Joseph in the Bible. Their names are as follows: (1) Mariam; (2) Harootune (a boy, the name means "resurrection"), (3) Anna; (4) Jevhear (a girl, "jewel"), (5) Hohanness (John), (6) Moses, (7) Benjamin, (8) Rebecca, (9) Coffing, (10) Armenag, (11) Samuel, (12) Persape (Bathsheba), (13) David—eight boys and five girls. Of these, 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7 and 11 are not living.

Father had two wives. The second one he married, my own mother, was a widow with three little children, whom also she brought with her. One day I asked father why he married my mother, a widow with three children, and almost doubled his family in one night (three girls from his first wife were already dead before he married my mother). He answered, "Because, daughter, in those days there was not another woman among all our community like your mother, so worthy and able to fill a niche like that in every respect." Sure enough, my mother was a wonderful woman. Although she was not as deeply spiritual as father was, yet she was a most beautiful character. She was a model housekeeper, an example of cleanliness, neatness, and tidiness, and could not be excelled as an industrious woman. Although quiet in her manners and retiring in her disposition, yet she often found her way into the most useful works of charity. She was one of those lovely women who seem to be able to go through this world accomplishing a great deal in silence and without friction. In all such ways she was a sincere and persevering helpmeet to my father in the cares of his large family and endless duties and responsibilities in connection with his great church. The following was the cause of her death: In 1890 there was a terrible epidemic of cholera in Aintab. Hundreds were dying every day. A young man, a stranger in Aintab, caught the disease. She wanted to visit him,



one of the sick. Every one of her children said, "Mother, don't you go, you will catch the disease and die. His case, they say, is a very bad one, and nobody dares to go near him." "All the more, I want to go, my dear ones," she replied. "Put yourselves in the place of this poor stranger. Suppose it was one of you, a stranger in a strange land, and sick in the same way, and no one came near you, and you were left alone to suffer and die. How would you feel?" So she went, spoke the words of life to the dying young man, comforted him, prayed for him, and returned. But alas, she got the disease, as the whole family feared and had told her, and she died the next morning.

At that very time, one of her own children, myself, was in London, England, a perfect stranger in a strange land, and exposed to terrible trials and hardships. Who knows but the great Adversary failed in his ceaseless efforts to ruin me bodily, mentally, and especially spiritually, while in London, because a divine interposition, as a reward for such exceeding kindness, goodness, and self-sacrificing spirit as my precious mother manifested in the case of that poor dying stranger, away back in my own native land.

Well, to come back to the story of my father, in my childhood the very earliest thing that I ever can remember was this: This sainted father of mine used to take me on his knees and lovingly putting his arms around me, kissing and fondling me, taught me of Jesus and His love to me, and thus caused me to love Him in return when I was only three or four years of age.

Listen to what this early acceptance of my Savior led me to: I do not think I was more than thirteen years old when one day my father said to me, "Rebecca, it is time for you to work publicly for Jesus." I opposed it, being a very timid child. However, he held me by

the hand and brought me to a room in his large church and introduced me to about one hundred children, some of whom were older than I, and said, "My daughter Rebecca is going to be your Sunday school teacher."

When I was about fifteen or sixteen years old, Miss Ellen M. Pierce, our principal in the American Girl's Seminary at Aintab, said to me one day that she, together with the other missionaries, had decided to send me to Beylan, a beautiful village on the Mediterranean coast, as a teacher to the children, and a Bible woman among the ladies of the village. Having loved Jesus so early in life (and especially by this time having tasted the joy of working publicly for Jesus, I wanted very much to go, but did not know what my parents would say to it, because in our country it was not regarded—especially at that time—very safe for such young girls to leave their father's house and go away; and this was about four days' journey from Aintab, our town. I can never forget that day. I came home from school and knelt down and prayed to God, and said to Him, "O Lord, Thy Word says, The King's heart is in the hand of the Lord as the rivers of water; he turneth it whithersoever he will (Prov. 21: 1). So, Lord, change the hearts of my parents, should they oppose my going to Beylan. I want to go and serve Thee, because I love Thee."

After this prayer I took courage and went to my mother and asked her consent. She said "If your father says 'yes,' I will have no objection." How anxiously I waited for my father to come home that evening; and when he did, I went to him and said, "Father, my teachers in the seminary want me to go to Beylan and work for Jesus there among the children and women. What do you say? Will you give your consent?" At first he did not answer, but gazed solemnly into my face. Then tears came to his eyes, and presently he said,

"Rebecca, my daughter, you are so precious to me that I hate to have you away from home even for a few days, though it be in our own town. How much more I hate to see you going away for four days' journey and for so long a time—about a whole year." Then he stopped, and it seemed as if he could not say anything more, yet soon he continued: "But daughter, in this case Jesus is calling you, and I can not say 'No.' Go, my child, and even if death shall come between you and me, and if I shall never see your precious face again in this life, I will still say, Thy will be done."

Then he asked me to sit down on the floor and lay my head on his knees, and placing his blessed hands on my head he offered a most wonderful prayer which I have never forgotten, neither can I ever forget it. He said, "O Lord, Rebecca is not mine; she is Thine; and I lay her now on the altar of God as a burnt offering. Take her, Lord, and use her just as Thou wilt." While he was praying thus, and giving me up wholly to the Lord, I felt his tears falling on my head. Oh, how it touched my heart! And I, too, bursting into tears, said in my heart, "If my father gives me up in such a definite way unto the Lord, why should I not do the same for myself?" So I also dedicated myself to the Lord then and there, and made a covenant with my God that henceforth I was no more my own but His, and that He should have absolute control of my whole being—body, soul and spirit—and use me just as He pleases.

My friends, no matter how truly you are born of God and of His Spirit, and how truly a child of God you may be, you must take this second step in your Christian life and make an entire surrender of yourself unto God in order to please Him, and to be used by Him, and glorify Him in your life. This is what the Apostle Paul meant when he said, "Yield yourselves unto God, as those that are alive from the dead, and your members as instruments of righteousness unto God. I

beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service" (Rom. 6:13; 12:1). And in 1 Cor. 6:19, 20, he writes in utter astonishment and holy indignation to the carnal-minded Corinthian Christians, "What! know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have of God, and ye are not your own? For ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's." "He died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him who died for them, and rose again" (2 Cor. 5:15).

Dear reader, if you are a child of God, unless you do this I know by my own Christian experience you cannot have that deep, settled peace of Christ in your heart, and consequently your life will be an up-and-down one, an unhappy one, and a life of doubts, fears, and constant condemnation, which I am sure is a terrible state to be in.

Well, to come back to our story, soon after that remarkable incident in my life I found myself in Beylan, working among the children and women of the village. God greatly blessed my feeble efforts in this first attempt of mine for His glory and the salvation of souls, so that in the ten months that I was there, many children and women came into the saving knowledge of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. That was the truest and greatest joy of my life up to that time, and indeed a joy that the world could never give or take away.

I prayed to God that on my return to Aintab He might use me still for His glory. He heard and answered gloriously this prayer of mine, because His Word says that "Whatsoever we ask we receive of him, because we keep his commandments, and do those

things that are pleasing in his sight" (1 John 3:22. See also 5:14, 15).

Consequently, after I returned home and finished my course in the seminary I was again sent by my



REBECCA

Eighth Child of the Krikorian Family, at Age of Eighteen, Attending the American Girls' College in Constantinople

parents and the principal of the seminary to the Girls' College in Constantinople for two years (it was called "Home School" then) for further training which would enable me to be a more efficient assistant to the

principal in the same school where I subsequently taught for several years.

At the same time I was presiding (as the successor of Mrs. Trowbridge, the wife of the late president of Central Turkey College) over seventy Christian workers who used to hold what was called "District Meetings," in thirty different parts of the town and among as many as nine hundred women (as was shown in our official reports) conducting two Ragged Schools, so-called, in which I educated between one and two hundred of the poorest and most neglected children of Aintab. This I had started as an offspring of those "District Meetings." I was also president of the Young Women's Christian Association which Mrs. F. A. Shepard, M. D. (another very active and useful American missionary in Aintab), and I had started; was teaching a Sunday school class of about one hundred women in my father's church, and a Sunday school of about four hundred of the poorest and most neglected and forgotten children of the city of Aintab, who would not and could not go to any church on account of their extreme poverty and ignorance. I was also the organizer and leader of a most helpful and edifying meeting for the advanced and more spiritual women among the churches of Aintab. This was called the meeting of the "Followers of Holiness." This work, as well as some of the above mentioned branches, was in a prosperous condition in Aintab, even in my absence, until the present horrible war broke out and my people, as a nation, nearly all perished. The work of God in Turkey seemed to have come to an end.



MISS KRI'ORIAN  
With Some of the Children in Her "Ragged School"

## II IN LONDON

My health did not stand the heavy strain of the many lines of work mentioned above, though I little realized then that through this breakdown God was preparing me for greater usefulness. And so I gave up the teaching in the seminary and devoted my whole time and energies exclusively to the rescue and gospel work.

I was manifestly blessed of God in my labors, and a deeper desire to be still more useful was created in my heart, so that now I began to wonder if God might not be pleased to use me even for greater things if I were only willing. It was then that the desire for some medical knowledge came forcibly upon me. I knew that by an acquaintance with obstetrics I would be able to reach even Mohammedan women. I prayed about it, and soon the Lord opened the way through Mrs. Dr. Shepard for me to go to London, where I was trained and obtained my diploma in obstetrics.

While in London my best friend was the late Charles Hadden Spurgeon, and my most blessed place of divine blessing and instruction was his tabernacle. I was baptized there and became a member of that church. It was the last, as well as the best, year of this grand man of God on earth when I was acquainted with him. Once, after a most helpful talk with him before we parted, Mr. Spurgeon asked me to kneel with him in prayer. Laying his hand on me he prayed, "Lord, make her a great soul-winner. Let thousands be brought to Christ through her future life. We do not ask hundreds, Lord, but *thousands*."



While I was in London an extraordinary thing happened to me. I had gone there for education with the special object of reaching and helping the poor, miserable, Christless, Turkish women in the harems of my own country. My mind was full of this matter, which rapidly grew more and more upon me until at last it became an unbearable burden on my soul. This naturally led me to pray with groanings that could not be uttered (Rom. 8:26).

I had not a room by myself, but shared it with two other students. That was very inconvenient for me on account of the spiritual condition I was in, especially as the place was not a spiritual one at all. Consequently I felt the need of being entirely alone with God in a private and quiet place, like a mountain top or a desert or a den, if possible, or anywhere where nobody would see or hear me so that I could offer up my prayers and supplications with strong crying and tears at the feet of Jesus, who Himself sought similar places in the days of His flesh when He was in the same condition as I was then, only His was much greater agony (Luke 22:44; Heb. 5:7).

But what could I do? Where could I go? I was a perfect stranger in London and naturally very timid. But the matter was getting more and more serious with me every day.

While in this perplexity one day it occurred to me, "Why should I not go to Spurgeon's Tabernacle at night and see if I can not find a way of slipping in quietly by some way or other to pray there?"

On the very first Sunday after my arrival in London, at my request, the secretary of the head doctor of the college had taken me there to hear Spurgeon, because when I was quite young father would have my brother Hohanness, who alone knew the English language in the family then, translate Mr. Spurgeon's

sermons to us; and I used to listen to them with great admiration and edification to my soul. Consequently it was one of my greatest joys in going to London to have the hope of seeing and hearing personally this great man of God.

So it was thus that I knew only that one single spot in the city of London, outside of the Zenana Medical College where I was a student. Fortunately it was a rule of the college that a key be given to each student, so as not to disturb any one when they went out or came in from their cases or work outside the college.

Doubtless this suggestion of going to the Metropolitan Tabernacle to pray was of the Lord himself to me. One night, soon after this, I ventured to go. It was an hour and twenty minutes' walk there and back from the college. On my arrival there, to my great delight, I found both outside iron gates open. Isaiah 45:2, 3 came to my mind: "I will go before thee and make the crooked places straight: I will break in pieces the gates of brass, and cut in sunder the bars of iron: and I will give thee the treasures of darkness, and hidden riches of secret places, that thou mayest know that I, the Lord, which call thee by thy name, am the God of Israel." I went in and climbed those wide steps that led to the two main doors of the tabernacle itself, but these were closed. Yet I could very comfortably stand on the outside threshold of the door on the left to pray, which suited even better than being inside of such a tremendous building all alone in the dark.

This spot was truly "the treasures of darkness and hidden riches of secret places" to my soul. It was "none other but the house of God and the gate of heaven" to me, because it seemed to be the most convenient spot in every respect for my God-burdened heart to be left loose, and be poured out *in and through*

*Holy Ghost prayers*, if the reader knows what that means.

After spending a few hours there wrestling with God in this way I returned to my place, asking Him to see that those iron doors should always be left open for me, because I knew I was in a most remarkable condition in the hands of the Holy Ghost. There were seasons when more than at other times I was in such an unspeakable agony of soul and under a tremendous pressure that my case at such times would seem almost a life and death matter with me. I *had* to be alone with God at such times, and open my agonizing heart to Him and make intercession for the salvation of that most cruel and vilest nation on earth, "with groanings which cannot be uttered." He did give me this desire of my heart, and let those iron gates always be open for me.

In spite of dangers and perils of every kind for an inexperienced and timid young woman in a wicked city like London, I walked and found my way to this spot at Spurgeon's Tabernacle as often as I could ever find the opportunity during the whole of the year that I was at this college. Especially was this true the first winter months I was there. I went often two or three times a week, in deep snow and ice; in cold, wind, and rain, in blizzard, and in the fog which is peculiar to that city, and which sometimes was so thick and dark that one could hardly see one's own hand. No wonder that the Londoners call it "peasoup fog."

There at this tabernacle door the agony of my heart was poured out in such an intense earnestness in my prayers and supplications to God that my tears, mingled with perspiration, would run down over my face to the ground like a stream of water, and my whole body would seem as though in a boiling heat in the coldest nights in London. My eyes were so swollen from crying and weeping hours upon hours, sometimes

all night through, that I did not know what to do with them, as I was not at liberty to tell a word of my strange, or rather heavenly, experience to anybody at the college for fear that in some way or other I might eventually be forbidden to go to the tabernacle, and then what would become of me? And yet I used to feel, and many a time told Jesus so, that if crying and shedding tears at His blessed feet for this great matter would eventually affect my eyes and cause my eyesight to leave me, so that I would be stone blind, yet I would rather be such a wretch in the world than to miss those wonderful seasons of communion with Him. And yet, even had I told of this at the college, they would not have understood it. They had not spiritual heads or hearts to comprehend such deep things of God, but on the contrary would think that I was losing my mind.

Eventually this was exactly the case (Job. 3:25). They became so curious to know of my condition that finally they succeeded in discovering the secret of it. The result of this was my imprisonment at the college for several months, causing untold bodily and mental suffering, until at last the late Dr. and Mrs. H. Gratten Guinness (wonderful man and woman of God) came to my rescue. They took me to their missionary institution in East London. This ended my struggle at the Zenana Medical College.

At the period just described my suffering was intense, because I was deprived of satisfactory communion with God, and I knew I was being watched by every inmate; especially were the dreadful eyes of the matron, who belonged to the "high church" and hated Spurgeon, continually upon me. This was the choicest opportunity for the Devil to lay out his most hellish snare before me. He began to whisper to me night and day that *if there were* a God, He would not let me suffer to such an extent, He would not tempt

me and press me beyond measure, far above all that I was able to endure. At last he succeeded in making me believe that *there was no God*. Three days and three nights I walked within the walls of that college a perfect infidel, and the place was a literal hell to my soul. I dare not dwell upon this period of my life. But listen to what the living God did:

On the morning of January 21, 1890, the hellish torments of the Devil were so intensified and unbearable that I became almost frantic. I was pretending to study down in the lecture hall. I threw away my books and rushed upstairs, weeping and wailing in low tones, because *there was no God*; and the hope of my whole life, past, present, and future, was all gone! Oh, the horror of that feeling! My roommates were out. It seemed everybody was out. The building was quiet. In entering my room I instinctively caught up my Bible from the stand and threw it with great violence on my bed, then threw myself on it in the same manner and began to cry and weep and sob for a long time, until at last I felt some paper filling up my mouth and interfering with my breathing. Spontaneously I lifted my head, and my tear-dimmed eyes caught these words on the very edge of the bottom page of my Armeno-Turkish Bible, which I had partly drawn into my mouth through gasping: "*None is good, save one, that is, God*" (Luke 18:19).

Oh, for the tongues of angels to tell how I felt then! What ecstasy of joy and comfort and hope of heaven rushed into my aching heart and agonizing mind that not only there is a God, but also that He is the *only good One*! "Blessed be the Lord God, the God of Israel, who only doeth wondrous things." "His right hand, and his holy arm, hath gotten him the victory" on behalf of His tormented child! What soothing power! What healing balm! This brief statement from the very lips of Jesus himself, *coming out of my mouth*,

overwhelmed my whole being! No, no tongue can tell! And thus the Devil departed from me for a season (Luke 4:13).

From that moment on for many, many a year, my fondest way of addressing God in my prayers was "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God almighty, which *was*, and *is*, and *is to come*" (Rev. 4:8).. The great "I am that I am" (Ex. 3:14).

I only regret that I can not express such heavenly experience of my life in any earthly language. Indeed I feel helpless because my language comes far short of describing such heavenly visions and revelations of God to me. I feel as if I know what Paul meant in 2 Corinthians 12:4. And again, such experiences of life are too sacred to be told to everybody, and I have never been at liberty to do so all these years, over a quarter of a century now, with the exception of only once. This is the very first time I ever dipped pen to write about such warfares and victories of my past life. God has His own time and manner in everything concerning His children. This must be His time for me to reveal at least some of His marvelous dealings with me in the past, because I believe my time of reaping in joy what I have been sowing in tears, years back, is at hand (Psalm 126:5, 6).

After such terrible expriences and glorious victories my faith became much stronger and immovable, and I began to have much closer communion and most conscious union with my God and to let the Holy Ghost more freely than ever before borrow my mind, possess my heart, and use my lips thus to pray and pour out His own prayers through me before God for the salvation of those bloodthirsty, diabolical Turks. This naturally made the enemy rage against me again. It is impossible to go into any details of it. Suffice it to say that in his fights with me I could almost see

with my eyes that very selfsame Devil whom Martin Luther saw, and at whom he hurled his ink bottle. He seemed fully determined to take my life away, but my soul was "bound in the bundle of life with the Lord my God" (1 Sam. 25: 29), and He kept me as "the apple of his eye" (Zech. 2: 8).

Thus two continual years I had to wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places. But thanks be to God, by His own help and grace I had taken unto myself the whole armor of God, which enabled me to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand. My loins were girt about with truth, and I had on the breastplate of righteousness. My feet were shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace. Above all I had taken the shield of faith wherewith I was able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked. And I had taken the helmet of salvation and the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God. Oh, the Word! The Word of God! What a mighty weapon it is that our heavenly Father in His love and mercy has provided for us and put into our hands—His own children—to fight and conquer, by faith, our adversary, the "Accuser of the brethren, the Dragon, that old Serpent, which is the Devil and Satan." And what miracles it performed for me in all my London conflicts with this Wicked One, as well as in all my life! Oh, praise His holy name that in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us! "If God be for us, who can be against us?" No one! "No man is able to pluck them out of my Father's hand," Jesus said. No! not even the Devil himself, nor all the powers of hell. Glory be to God forever and ever!

The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,  
I will not, I will not desert to his foes.  
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,  
I'll never, no never, no never forsake.

At this period of my life, my love to Christ was most intensely increased, so much so that once I felt that the thronging, ministering spirits—the angels all around me—should get away, lest they stand between my soul and my Christ, who *was*, and *is now*, and *ever shall be* my very life (Col. 3:4). I felt that neither can He be without me.

On an early date after my arrival in London the Lord had given me an especial passage to help and strengthen my faith for the evangelization and salvation of the Turks, through the instrumentality of a dear woman who used to come to our college to give us a Bible reading once in awhile. That was the only spiritual help I had in the place. One day I was led to open my heart to this dear woman and tell her that God had called me for a great work in my future life, but I was feeling unworthy and unequal to the task, and that this burden was almost crushing me. With great emphasis she said, "Why, my child, you are the right person for the call. Just listen to what God has said for such as you." And opening the book of Isaiah, she began to read the following words to me, "Fear not, thou worm Jacob, and ye men of Israel; I will help thee, saith the Lord, and thy Redeemer, the Holy One of Israel. Behold, I will make thee a new threshing instrument having teeth: thou shalt thresh the mountains, and beat them small, and shalt make the hills as chaff. Thou shalt fan them, and the wind shall carry them away, and the whirlwind shall scatter them; and thou shalt rejoice in the Lord, and shalt glory in the Holy One of Israel" (Isaiah 41:14, 16). She then began to explain the meaning of



the passage, and especially dwelt on the word "worm" in verse fourteen. That worm was I, and the "mountains" and "hills" were the Turks, and the Lord was going to thresh at least some of these mountains and hills into pieces by using me to give the good tidings of His salvation to them. So I was very much helped and encouraged by her talk.

See what I did as soon as she left me: I opened to the same passage in my own Armeno-Turkish Bible, and scratching out "Jacob and ye men of Israel" in the fourteenth verse, I wrote above it "Rebecca Krikorian," and began to read it that way. This made the passage more effective and powerful to me, and it has been a most God-given help to me ever since that day. Later on I added the tenth and thirteenth verses of the same chapter and connected it all with such passages as 1 Corinthians 1:25-29; 2 Corinthians 12:9, 10 (last clause); Joel 3:10 (last clause); Philipians 4:13. And it became a greater and more wonderful help and assurance to my faith that my prayers and supplications on behalf of the Turks were going to be heard and answered in God's own good time and manner, no matter how utterly helpless and worthless I was feeling and how hopeless seemed the case. Therefore all the more I clung to God and spent greater time in prayer and intercession and in reading and meditating on the Word of God while at the college. Indeed I did this to such an extent that I was afraid I would not be able to pass my examinations and obtain my diploma, because under the circumstances I could not study my lessons as I might otherwise have done. Of course I prayed very earnestly about it, and when the time came I was well able to pass the examinations of the London Obstetrical Society, and I received my diploma, although one of my classmates, who had a superior education, could not. This was soon after my admittance to Dr. Guinness' Institution with

the class of the nurses there who were getting ready as medical missionaries for foreign fields. My old classmates at the Zenana Medical College also went in at the same time to the same examination. So you see when we give the rightful place in our lives to prayer and the study of God's Word we can accomplish even more than we otherwise could in our daily tasks.

It was at this period of my life that I learned to love the Jews also, as well as the Turks, and became deeply interested in them.

### III

#### MY WORK IN AINTAB

After finishing my course and obtaining my diploma from the London Obstetrical Society, and spending one year at Dr. Guinness' Missionary Institution, which was a great help and blessing to me, I returned home to Aintab from London in the last days of October, 1892. After such marvelous experiences in London, and especially having as an ideal the example of my pastor, Mr. Spurgeon, as well as my own godly father, I was burning with the zeal and desire to be used of God now for the salvation of souls in my own land. Especially was the Turkish question uppermost in my mind and heart, but the political conditions of the country were such that it would seem almost presumptuous for me even to mention the burden God had laid on me for their evangelization. I was not at liberty somehow to tell even my godly father about it, who himself always used to pray for the evangelization of the Turkish nation, its officials, and even the Sultan. But all the more I was being persuaded in my own mind, day by day, that the chief object of God's taking me to London was to give me that strong passion and vision for the salvation of the Turks, more than the medical education I received there, and that I should wait patiently for His time and His way for its fulfillment.

While I was yet in London my brother Coffing, next to me, had married one of the women teachers of Aintab Seminary, a splendid, virtuous young woman. She and I had taught in the same school be-

fore I went to England, and we were great chums. She was going to be a mother in a few months, and told me that I should be her midwife. Oh, how I prayed for that case and the baby before it came into the world, that until the child was grown to manhood the Lord should go before us and "make the crooked places straight, and break in pieces the gates of brass, and cut in sunder the bars of iron," and grant us the freedom of preaching Christ to those Turks who have been our oppressors, our enemies, and murderers for many centuries.

At last the baby, Samuel C. Krikorian, was born July 31st, 1893. He was the very first baby in our own family circle that I helped to come into the world after I was educated in London as a midwife. Naturally I have taken a deep interest in this particular child of ours, ever since he was born into our family—yes, before he was born—hoping and looking forward that when his time shall come and his grandfather (my own father) is gone to glory, Samuel will take his place and be a great man of God.

On my return from England I had at once entered upon the various kinds of evangelical work which I had been doing among women and children of Aintab before I went to London, and which had almost entirely stopped in my absence. But God, in a mysterious way, opened a *new* door of usefulness for me, and I soon found myself working among hundreds, yes "thousands" of MEN, as my pastor Spurgeon had prayed for me, as well as women and children—so much so that I had not much time to practice midwifery.

Now this was an entirely new thing for that conservative old Turkey: that a young woman should go among *men*, and especially men of the lowest and most degraded classes—drunkards, gamblers, burglars, Sabbath-breakers—with the purpose of lifting them up

from the pitfalls of sin and misery. By God's own help it was the direct result of my implicit obedience to the distinct voice of the Holy Spirit in my heart to go and speak to a company of drunkards about their souls on a Sunday evening, December 11, 1892, in a graveyard at Aintab.

It happened in this way: Toward the evening of the above mentioned Sunday I felt tired, having had many meetings at which I spoke to women and children. I said to a Christian woman friend of mine, "Oh, I am awfully tired. Let us take our Bibles and go to the graveyard and sit by the grave of my mother, and there study it by ourselves, and have a little rest to our bodies, as well as for our souls;" so she said, "All right;" and we took our Bibles and started out. As soon as we came to the foot of the graveyard, it being about fifteen or twenty minutes' walk from the city, we heard a terrible noise of shouting and laughter and vile songs coming from some drunkards yonder in the graveyard. At the first impulse both of us said, "Oh, let us go back home, there are some bad people there."

As soon as we said that an almost audible voice said to me, "No, my child, not home, but go to them. I brought you here purposely that you may speak to them for their undying souls." I began to tremble, and yet I told it to my friend. She thought I was crazy in thinking such a thing, and insisted that I was making a terrible mistake, taking the voice of the Devil for the voice of the Lord, and said, "No, Rebecca, come along. Let us go back home. This is not a Christian country like America or England. We can not do such a thing here. They may be Turks. They may insult us, cut us into pieces, or they may do anything they like to do with us. And then think of the disgrace and dishonor we shall bring unto the name of the Lord instead of glorifying Him as we meant to." So she

tried her best to persuade me to go home. The more she insisted that we should go home the more clear and distinct this voice grew in me that *we must go to them*. At last I said to her, "Let us just kneel down here and ask the Lord to reveal His will to us in an unmistakable way, and give us grace to obey it;" because we each had a distinct voice, and they were altogether contrary to each other and so I, too, was convinced that one of these voices must be of God and the other truly of the Devil, as she was insisting. So we did, and after the prayer I asked my friend, "How do you feel now?" She answered, "More decided and more determined than ever before that we *must go home*." I, also, said to her, "More decided and more determined than ever before I, too, feel we *must go to them*!" "All right," she said, "Good-by then. I can not do such a thing.

So she left me all alone and started to go toward the city. By this time the sun was set, and the thick eastern darkness was rapidly coming on. The very place itself, the awful noise of the drunkards outside, and the horrible suggestions of the Devil inside, made me tremble from head to foot. I was distressed, and did not know what to do. I could not dare to follow my friend and go back home and thus be disobedient to God, neither could I dare to go toward this wicked company yonder in the graveyard.

While in this desperate and helpless condition, I raised both my hands, together with my heart, to God, and said, "O Lord, I want to obey Thee and go to this people, even if it will cost my life. Give me grace to obey Thee implicitly, for Jesus' sake."

After this prayer all my fears vanished and I felt as strong and courageous as a young lion, and in a few minutes I found myself in the midst of them. They were a company of six or eight beautiful Armenian young men, and an elderly man of about sixty-five or

seventy years of age. I told them that the Lord had sent me to them with a special message, if they were willing to hear. Some of them laughed, but some were more courteous and said, "All right, tell us whatever you have to tell." I opened to Isaiah, the fifty-third chapter, and read to them about the Saviour suffering and dying for their lost souls, and pleaded with them to give up their accursed life of drink and misery and come to Jesus. I was not a bit afraid of them, but on the contrary, with a holy indignation, I said to them, "How dare you, my friends, to commit such a sin, in such a place, and on the Lord's day. It is not I, but He himself is calling you to come to Him *right now* and be saved. 'Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation'." While I was yet speaking the old man rose up, threw his cups and decanters away, and said, "The cup of my iniquity and vice is full to the brim. I will give up this accursed life of drink and come to Jesus *now*, while He invites me, and while *now* is the accepted time and *now* is the day of salvation." Before he was through, every one of the rest also was pricked in his heart (Acts 2:37), saved, and gave a like testimony.

So I had a most heavenly time with that company that had been carousing less than an hour before. They confessed to me afterward that they had gone there that night with a wicked purpose: that their intention was to drink to such excess as to lose their fear of God and man, and then go to the city and commit the grossest sins that it was possible to commit. "But," they said, "Jesus stood in our way that night in your person and hindered us from committing such horrible sin against Him." When we were through and I asked them to rise and come with me to the city, to my great surprise and delight, when we turned and were about to leave the graveyard, whom do you think we saw? My friend, who had left me and gone toward

home. Instead of going there, she had waited a short distance from where we were, and though she could not see us on account of the darkness, she could hear by the voices that they were doing me no harm, so she took courage and came to us. I invited her to speak a few words to them, and she did.

That incident was the most remarkable thing in my life, so much so that I could not sleep that night at all, but falling on my face I had to praise the Lord for the wonderful experience and the grace He had given me to recognize His voice and obey His command on that occasion. "Whatsoever he says unto you, do it" (John 2:5). "Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams" (1 Sam. 15:22). A thousand times it pays us to obey God! A few years later in my life, when I saw that little act of obedience on my part had much to do in saving my life from a horrible death by the hands of the cruel Turks, who can imagine my joy for this experience in that graveyard!

That night I was also very much burdened to pray as well as praise the Lord for those new converts, babes in Christ, that the Lord would keep them in the hollow of His hand—yes, as the apple of His eye—from evil and from the Evil One, who "as a roaring lion walketh about seeking whom he may devour" (1 Peter 5:8).

Another wonderful thing happened at that time. After spending all that night and all the next morning on my knees, thus praising and praying to God, just before sunrise I felt exhausted in my body, and so I threw myself on my bed with the intention of having a few minutes' rest and sleep, without knowing that the Lord meant to give me this desire for rest so as to show me a vision. It was a most significant one, lasting not more than ten minutes. In this vision I saw the old man who had given his heart to



Christ first of all in the graveyard on the previous night, come and stand before me doubled in form by old age, with pure, snow-white hair and beard, and in a clear and most pathetic and significant expression, saying to me, "Teacher, if you want to come to our help you must hasten, because there are in our city hundreds—yes, *thousands*—of drunkards like unto us whom you met in the graveyard last night." Then he stood a few minutes more without uttering another word, but gazing with his piercing eyes into mine he bowed down, after our oriental custom, bade me good-by, and disappeared. I immediately awoke, and while thinking of this wonderful, clear dream, the Holy Spirit brought to my mind Acts 16:9, "And a vision appeared to Paul in the night; there stood a man of Macedonia, and prayed him, saying, Come over into Macedonia and help us." I felt and did as Paul did immediately after seeing that vision of his. I had not to stop even to dress myself that morning, because I had not undressed that night. I do not remember whether I stopped to eat any breakfast that morning or not, but I remember this one thing full well, that immediately after seeing that vision I was wandering up and down through the streets of my town, seeking the homes of my new converts of the previous night to consult with them about starting a Gospel Temperance Association *at once*. By the help of God I succeeded, and on that very day the work was begun. In the evening of that day, December 12, 1892, we held our *first* meeting with about thirty or forty drunkards and gamblers of the town, in the home of one of the new converts. The Holy Spirit took charge of that first meeting, and the result can be imagined, how everyone cried out when I was through talking, "Teacher, come to my house tomorrow night, and I will bring all my drinking and gambling friends to the meeting." I promised to do so to the first one who had

given the invitation. It went on and on in this way for months. I had opposition and persecution, being a woman and having undertaken such a task. But in spite of it all the work went on. In fact, the greater the persecution was the faster the work progressed, as is always the case, so that during the two or three years that I was engaged in this work many sinners were saved. Over *three thousand* drunkards and gamblers and burglars were visited, one by one in their homes and places of business, by me, accompanied by some of the converted drunkards, "the sword of the Spirit" always being in our hands.

I even had invitations from some poor Turkish parents in our town to go to their homes to hold meetings and speak to their reprobate sons, which I did secretly. Some of these Turkish mothers asked me to take their children into my Ragged School to educate them. They changed their names, giving them Christian names. We had about twelve of them. But about a year afterward they took them back, for fear that the government was getting suspicious about it, which would be most dangerous for them, and for us as well. I am very thankful that the Lord permitted us to do at least that much for the Turks.

At last no private house could accommodate us in our evangelistic services, and we needed a large public building. I can never forget one Sunday night in the month of March, which is the coldest month with us, in 1893. The house where I was holding our meeting that night was the largest house in that neighborhood. The large room where I was speaking was packed to the very windowsills, and nearly one hundred men were left outside in the dark, cold, rainy, open air, struggling to come in and hear the Word of God. At last I felt obliged to stop my talk and leave the people inside in charge of my friend in the graveyard, and going outside I called to the

overflowing crowd, "Follow me." About one hundred poor, helpless sinners, longing to hear the gospel message, followed me; and we began to roam, hunting a place where we all could be sheltered and continue our service. While climbing up a hilly part, called "Hastahane Yokushu" (the hill to the hospital), I turned back and looked at my followers. Oh, how my heart was moved with compassion as I saw them wading through the mud, soaked with the pouring rain and shivering with the bitter cold! "Sheep without a shepherd," in the literal meaning of the word. It was on that occasion that I felt for the first time our great need of a mission hall in which to carry on this work properly.

We did our utmost. I had from four to six hundred women working under me with their needles to raise at least a part of the required means to erect this mission hall, but it seemed as though an unseen power was continually hindering us. In great astonishment and perplexity, though not in despair, we had to stop and wait on the Lord to reveal the mystery, because He has said, "The silver is mine, and the gold is mine" (Hag. 2:8), "and the cattle upon a thousand hills" (Psalm 50:10), and this work was also assuredly His, and His promise for it was, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and *all* these things shall be added unto you" (Matt. 6:33). And yet our ceaseless efforts met with no success whatever.

## IV

### EXPERIENCES IN AMERICA

Just then our beloved Mrs. Dr. Shepard stepped in again. She called on me one day and said that she had been watching me in all my ceaseless efforts trying to raise this money in Aintab, but that it had been a mystery to her, as well as to us, why the Lord did not bless our efforts all this time. But she said: "It seems to me that you should go to our country (America) for it, and there you will meet a wonderful woman by the name of Miss Frances E. Willard, who does the same kind of work in America as you are doing here, and Miss Willard, being a very influential woman, will help you in raising the required funds for a mission house in Aintab in a short time, a year or two at the longest. Meantime you will be in touch with the W. C. T. U. work and its methods in America, which would help your future work in Turkey."

Mrs. Shepard is the most ingenious and useful American missionary I ever knew in our country, yet I did not want to take her advice, and told her distinctly that unless I saw it to be the will of God I could not attempt to do such a thing. After Mrs. Shepard left me I made this matter a definite subject of my daily and earnest prayer, also fasting once a week in prayer for this, as well as for my whole work. About two or three months later the same missionary came to me once more, but this time with a handful of gold in her hand, and said to me: "Two or three months ago I came to you and told you about going to America to raise funds for your mission hall; one

of the objections you brought then was this, that you had no means to take you to America and that was one of the indications that, as you thought, it was not the will of God for you to go. Since then the Lord provided it for you. Now take this money and go to London, England, where in a few weeks' time the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union will hold its convention. There you will meet Miss Frances E. Willard, Lady Henry Somerset, and many other noble and able women from different parts of the world. They, especially Miss Willard, will know what to do for you, and for your future plans and desires for your work." I asked her where and how she got the money, but she would not tell me. I determined all the same to make it a part of my business, if I went to America, to find out and pay it back to her or to the party from whom she got it. And so I did—paid it back to her sister, a Miss Lucy C. Andrews, of East Orange, N. J., one hundred dollars, the very first sum of money I earned by the sweat of my brow after my arrival in America.

After Mrs. Shepard gave me this money I felt that it was God's time for me to go, and so I went to London as a delegate from Turkey to the World's W. C. T. U. convention in June, 1895. Sure enough, this wonderful woman, Miss Frances E. Willard, the president of the World's and the National W. C. T. U., and her bosom friend, Lady Henry Somerset of London, England, took a great interest in me and in my cause, and at that convention I was appointed as their representative in the "white ribbon" movement in Turkey. Miss Willard, especially, took a deep interest in me and advised me to go to America in the interest of the work, and also for the raising of the means for the mission hall. But Mr. John McDonald, the secretary of the Y. M. C. A. of London, opposed it, and insisted that I should go back to Turkey and be

at the head of my work. He, too, was much interested in our work in Turkey, and was afraid that through my absence for a year or two the work would suffer. However, I took Miss Willard's advice and came to America. My fare here was provided by my church in London (Spurgeon's Tabernacle), and I arrived in New York City on August 13, 1895.

Wonderful to relate, it was on the very first days of my arrival in New York City that the horrible massacres of 1895 broke out in Turkey, when about one hundred thousand of our beloved people were butchered most mercilessly, and about three or four hundred thousand helpless survivors were doomed to untold poverty, suffering and starvation. Mail and telegraphic communications were cut off in my own town as well as in many cities and towns in Turkey, and for days and weeks I could not hear any news from the members of my immediate family and friends in Aintab. But I read in daily papers of the awful accounts of how hundreds of our people were killed in Aintab and their bodies left in the streets, no one daring to go out to bring them in or bury them, and the dogs of the streets came and ate them. I did not know whether my precious, aged and venerable father, my brothers and sisters, my relatives and friends were among them or not. So I did not know for a long time for whom to pray and for whom to weep. At last private letters began to come, and I soon learned the mystery of God's not blessing my efforts to get the means in Turkey for the erecting of a mission hall in Aintab, but sending me to this country for it. Mrs. Shepard herself, as well as other friends, wrote me that they little realized at the time why the Lord took me to the United States. They said that on the horrible days of the massacre in Aintab some of the Turks were heard to ask: "Where is that basket-headed [hat-wearing]

girl [referring to myself]? If we could find her we would cut her into pieces *first of all*." How wonderful the providence of God that brought me here to America—the safest of all the countries in the world—at such a time as this! "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!" (Rom. 11:33). "Which doeth great things and unsearchable; marvelous things without number" (Job 5:9; Psalm 89:6).

By and by the letters began pouring in upon me like showers. Mrs. Shepard and others repeatedly wrote to me, saying: "The Lord did not take you to the United States for raising money for a mission hall only, but rather for a greater purpose than that. Go ahead! Do your best! Raise relief funds and send to us! Your people are perishing by thousands, inch by inch, every day, from starvation, nakedness, exposure and disease." So the Lord thrust me into the relief work. In spite of being a perfect stranger in a strange land, and, in a sense, without home, without friends (at this time Miss Willard was yet in England), without money, and not knowing the ways and methods of the country, I had to run in every direction, enter every open door, traveling every day and speaking in one, two, three and even four cities in one day, going in this way from city to city and state to state, lecturing in the churches about the unspeakable barbarities and hellish horrors perpetrated by the Turks upon our beloved people, and sending them relief.

At last Miss Willard came back from England, and in all my unspeakable sorrows and trials she stood by me until the day of her departure, as an elder sister or a true friend of mine, comforting and helping me in every possible way; especially did she help by introducing me to the great public of America, hav-



**MISS KRIKORIAN**

**MISS WILLARD**



ing me always with her in each of the World and National W. C. T. U. conventions and introducing me to the public under her tender, sisterly care and giving me splendid opportunities to speak and raise relief funds under her auspices for my down-trodden people, helpless widows, and starving children.

I am unable to state the exact amount of money thus raised directly or indirectly by my feeble efforts since I came to America, as I never cared to take the responsibility of it myself, having always my treasurers, under whatever committee or society I worked, but it surely must have been tens of thousands of dollars, for which I praise the Lord.

But this work of the Lord, as well as every other, had its great trials and marvelous triumphs. When I was working under the auspices of Miss Frances Willard, and the collections in some of our National W. C. T. U. conventions for the suffering Armenians (as in St. Louis, Mo., November 15, 1896) amounted to as much as one thousand dollars, some wicked people of my own nationality, hearing of these things, and knowing how greatly the Lord was using me in this country, became jealous of me and began to persecute me. The worst of all was that nearly all of these wicked persons were my friends and had received some kindness and help from me, as most often is the case (Psalm 41:9; 109:4, 5).

They did not know the method of my working—that I had nothing to do with the financial part of my work—and so began to bring false accusations against me. They accused me of stealing money from these relief funds that I was raising, and using it for my own benefit and for my immediate family. I told them time and again the truth, that I was not only not stealing from what I was raising for our poor, perishing survivors at home in Turkey, but, on the contrary, I was also adding to it the greater part

of my own salary allowed me in those days by the National Armenian Relief Committee of New York City, under whose auspices I had been working before Miss Willard returned from England. But these few wicked opposers, with one woman associate (Prov. 21:9), would not believe me, neither could they be controlled. They went about hunting others like unto themselves here and there in other cities, and stirred them up, and in a short time spread the false report among the Armenians in this country as widely as they could. At last some of them went and succeeded in stirring up against me a man of our own nationality, whose influence was greater and more important than was theirs. I am sorry to say that this last enemy of mine was, professedly, a religious man, who had high office in the church with which he was connected. This man came to New Haven, Conn., where I was staying with my brothers and a nephew, Yesaye (son of my oldest brother, Harootune), to see me personally about the matter. He sent for me to come to him where he was. He was not altogether a stranger to me, as I had met him once before, some months previous, at my brother's in New Haven, who had entertained him most nobly then. I obediently went to him, shook hands with him and said: "You wanted to see me, sir? Here I am." "Yes, I did, Miss Krikorian," he answered. "I am exceedingly sorry for all these things I have been hearing about you from our own people." I said, "What things, sir?" Because, in truth, I did not know exactly what he meant, as he had not stated anything in his note with which he had called me to come and see him. He said, "I want to talk with you privately. Walk in here, please," opening at the same time the door of another room on his left, because my brother, Pastor H. Krikorian of Constantinople, was with us in the room. He was professor of theology in the Cen-

tral Turkey College of Aintab, and it so happened that in those very days he had come to America to take a post-graduate course in Yale Divinity School, at New Haven. But my brother understood it all the same, and when this man released me, and we came out, he had a talk with the man which I shall not take time to tell in detail. Suffice it to say, I never heard anyone speak as he did. It reminded me of Jesus' rebuke to the Pharisees in the twenty-third chapter of Matthew. Then he would not let me stay there any longer, but took me home, telling me on the way that this was why he would not let me go there alone.

My brother, being a wise and intelligent man, although he did not hear my conversation with this man, could guess pretty nearly what and how he had talked to me in that private room. I did not like to tell him, neither did I mention much of anything to my other brothers and nephew at home on our return there, because I thought it was enough for my poor brothers and nephew—nay, it seemed even more than enough—the persecution they were suffering, the shame and agony they were passing through, in a sense, for my sake. Such honest, upright, noble-hearted, peaceable, and at the same time hard-working young men, "eating by the sweat of their own brow" in this strange land (two of my brothers and nephew had just come to America then as refugees), to be accused of living on what money their sister and aunt was stealing from such a cause as that!

Would it have been wrong even if they were helped out of that relief fund, as they had just arrived in America as refugees from the same massacre, and their sister working herself almost to death for it? Certainly not, and yet they did not have a cent.

I quietly went to my room that night and closed my door, but do you think to rest and sleep? No! I

fell on my knees at the feet of Jesus and told Him all—what I would not and could not tell even to my loving brothers (Prpv. 18:24); and my one cry to Him was, "O Lord, let them curse, but bless Thou" (Psalm 109:28), and "I beseech thee, turn the counsel of this man into foolishness as thou didst do Ahithophel's for David" (2 Samuel 15). And I wept much, and sang over and over again in a suppressed tone, so as not to disturb my brothers,

Other refuge have I none;  
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee.  
Leave, oh, leave me not alone;  
Still support and comfort me,  
All my trust on Thee is stayed;  
All my help from Thee I bring;  
Cover my defenseless head  
With the shadow of Thy wing.

For my name was my most sacred thing, and pure as well; but it was now being trodden down and defamed, and my dear brothers also were being slandered with me. Besides in this way the Enemy was seeking to hinder my usefulness in behalf of our starving survivors at home in Turkey at this critical time. And yet the worst was to follow, of which my poor brothers knew nothing. For in that private room this man had done his very utmost to make me confess that I really had stolen money. But I had stood to his face with my face "as an adamant" and my forehead "harder than flint," with no fear whatever, neither was I dismayed at his angry looks and words to me, and had told him that if I were to say that I stole even *one single cent*, then I would feel wretched and miserable, because I would be telling a lie, and then the Lord would be displeased with me, because He abhors lying as well as stealing. Even then he said to me, "You tell me that you stole *just a little, not much*, and I will make it all right with your

enemies. I will subdue them." I at once understood his malicious motive and would not be trapped. Finally the last thing he told me was this: "You are an obstinate woman. I cannot persuade you to tell the truth and confess your sin to me, a leading religious man of your nation. Don't you know I have power and influence to expose you with my PEN in the daily press? And in order to make you confess your sin and find mercy before God and men, I shall have to use that method next, but I will give you a fortnight's day of grace. Another thing, I have some important engagements in different places, so I cannot stop in New Haven now any longer for this matter, but as soon as this two weeks' time of grace is expired you will find me here, prompt, and if I find you the same then I shall know what to do with you and with your case." I had told him then that he was free, of course, to do anything he liked with his *pen*, as well as with his *tongue*, but I said, "I cannot help it; I cannot lie." And thus we separated.

After spending that memorable night in prayer, "with unutterable groanings," my heart was strengthened with such Psalms as the 64th, 27th, 37th and 73d, that the Lord was going to bring forth my righteousness as the light and my judgment as the noonday, because I felt very sure that night that Jesus himself was being hurt more than I was in that whole matter. This assurance came through study and meditation on such passages as these: Zechariah 2:8; Acts 9:4; Psalm 105:14, 15, and so forth, and so I rested in Him, and was waiting patiently for Him to judge between me and my enemies. And He did! That "fortnight, the day of grace," was expiring, and the Devil began to work, trying to make me worry over the approaching day of my doom through the daily press. But I, too, was continually at work, studying my Bible and asking God's grace and help to ignore

my enemy, and his terrible suggestions in my heart, by fixing my eyes moment by moment on Jesus, believing His precious promises, and being drawn closer to Him, whose power was enough to save me and mine.

While in this condition, unexpectedly one morning while at the breakfast table, it was reported to us that this very man himself—my most powerful enemy—one morning in those very days, failed to appear at the breakfast table where he was boarding. They waited for him for a while, thinking that he might soon come, but he did not. Breakfast was over and an hour or two passed, but still the man did not appear. At last the people in the house began to be anxious; they went up and knocked at his door. No answer came. They knocked again and again; no reply! At last they opened the door and found him dead and cold in his bed! Oh, how I trembled on hearing this sad news. I learned later on that he was buried just about the time that he had determined to return to New Haven and see me once more, and that if he found me the same "obstinate woman" he would certainly expose me in the daily press!

He was a strong, well-built, healthy and robust man of about forty or forty-five years of age, and handsome as an Armenian man can ever be; with large, beautiful black eyes and eyebrows, bushy hair as black as a raven's and curly, and a wavy beard, he was worthy to be a king over our nation, as far as outward appearances went.

I do not know why that man died just at that time and in that way; neither do I know where he went; but I know this one thing that this poor Rebecca cried and the Lord heard her and saved her out of her troubles (Psalm 34:6) *in time*, and *did turn* this man's counsels into foolishness for her as He had done Ahithophel's for David, just as I had prayed, because he could not come back to New Haven any more and

do me the harm he had purposed. "Be still and know that I am God" (Psalm 46:10; Isa. 43:26). After this incident I could read many a Psalm like the 3d, 18th, 91st, 120th, 124th, and could praise the Lord with the same spirit as the psalmist did.

But alas, even after witnessing such a judgment of God in their midst, the rest of my enemies still hardened their hearts like Pharaoh and continued persecuting me in different ways. One of these wicked fellows, as the very meaning of his name signified (*Sanjian*, the son of pain), followed me to the Missionary Training Institute of the Christian and Missionary Alliance, South Nyack, N. Y., where I was a student then, and succeeded easily in getting the matron of the institute of that time (1899-1900) on his side, and turned the whole school upside down. Others, when they found that they could not reach me and harm me personally, as Sanjian did, tried to pursue the plan which the other man could not carry out by reason of his sudden death. That is, although they dared not write articles for the daily papers here in America about me, they wrote numerous letters to different parties in Aintab, telling all sorts of lies about me, thus following the example of their father, who, "when he speaketh a lie, he speaketh of his own: for he is a liar and the father of it," as Jesus bore witness (John 8:44).

Very few of those people at home, to whom such letters were written, believed and were affected by these lies. But some of them wrote me very bitter letters. It seemed as though they had dipped their pens into gall. While reading them I could not help feeling that if I had been at home at the time of those first horrible massacres, when my life was sought to be taken by cutting me to pieces "first of all," as the cruel Turks were heard to say at that time, their sword could not have hurt me as much as the awful

contents of those few letters did, especially the letter of a minister upon whom my saintly father looked as upon a son, and treated him as such until the end of his life. When my aged and venerable father learned of this ill-treatment of me he was very much hurt, but he never mentioned it to that minister, neither did he change his sweet conduct toward him as long as he lived, because he left it with God, as he always did matters of this kind.

That minister to this day does not even know that my father knew how he had acted in the past toward his daughter in America (Matt. 5:44-48), neither did I write an ugly word to him for all he had done, but left it with God, as by His own help and grace I have always done with all my enemies, and as my precious father did, for the Lord says, "Vengeance is mine; I will repay." A thousand times I would rather take the wrong and suffer and be defrauded (1 Cor. 6:7) than to contend for my rights with so-called "brethren" "before the unbelievers," and thus dishonor my God. After father heard of that event he wrote me a very sweet letter by which I was comforted, as we are promised in Isaiah 66:13. In that letter father had quoted Ezekiel 13:22. In that passage the phrase, "whom I have not made sad," seemed as a balm of Gilead to my wounded heart.

Almost every one of these enemies was dealt with by the Lord in his own turn and in some striking way. Some of them still look upon me with hatred, but I am not at all afraid of them, because I know and believe what the Lord says to me, "No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper; and every tongue that shall rise against thee in judgment shalt thou condemn" (Isa. 54:17; Jer. 15:20, 21; Psalm 108:13).

Praise His mighty, loving name! In every trial and in every difficulty in my life I have found the Lord my "refuge and strength," and a "very present



help in trouble" (Psalm 46:1). Indeed, "as a mighty terrible one" (Jeremiah 20:11), "He stood with me and strengthened me" all these fifty-eight years (2 Tim. 4:17), even when I felt that my soul was among lions, and I lay even among them that were set on fire, even the sons of men, whose teeth were spears and arrows, and their tongue a sharp sword (Psalm 57:4). Above all and best of all, I have the assurance in my heart that "the Lord *shall deliver me from every evil work*, and will preserve me unto his heavenly kingdom; to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen" (2 Tim. 4:18).

## V

### DEEPER EXPERIENCES

About a year after the first massacre of 1895 my brother Benjamin, while traveling at about a day's journey from Aintab, our own city, was shot by a Turk, who then undressed him and pierced him through and through with his knife, and then disemboweled him and poured in kerosene oil, dropped a lighted match therein and burned him to ashes. A few days later the rest of the family heard of it. Two of my brothers, Harootune and Coffing, went out hunting for his remains, if any could be found, to bring them to Aintab for burial. They were able to find his two hands, two feet and the skull. On hearing this most shocking news in this strange land, I fell on my face on the floor in my room at the Missionary Institute at Nyack, N. Y., crying and sobbing. Then, in my agony, I lifted my head up and with my heart bleeding I said, "O my God! why is this? Why should we suffer such hellish torments at the hands of these cruel Turks?" Almost an inaudible voice then said to me, "Because they do not know ME (John 16:3), and, My child, instead of crying and weeping for your brother, of whom you have the witness in your heart that he is with Jesus, you would do better to weep and cry and pray and prevail with Me for that poor, wretched, Christless murderer of your brother." My eyes were opened more than ever before to my deeper duty toward our enemies, our murderers, the Turks, and I cried out: "O Lord Jesus, give me at least one single drop of that same kind of love of Thine which made Thee willing to be hung on Calvary's cruel cross

for *Thine* enemies, *Thy* murderers, so that I, too, may be able to love and pray and do all I can for them—even, if need be, willing to lay down my life for these diabolical Turks, *our* enemies, *our* murderers!”

This prayer was doubtless prompted by the Holy Ghost (Romans 8:26), and was in accordance with God’s will, and even His command to us (Matt. 5:44; Romans 12:20, 21). So He heard me (1 John 5:14, 15) and gave me *His* love, *His* pity and *His* compassion for the perishing souls of these demon-possessed Turks, and enabled me to pray and plead with Him for the salvation of this vilest of all the nations of the earth with *love* in my heart now—especially for my brother’s murderer, whom I expect to meet in heaven.

For the glory of God I want to give this testimony, that I have no enmity or hatred, or even a bitter feeling in my heart toward the Turks; but, on the contrary, more of the love of Christ and more of His compassion, as they grow fiercer and fiercer in their cruelties toward us—so much so that His love constrains me that if I live, and if Jesus tarries, I shall be glad to spend my remaining days for the rescue of the Mohammedan Turks, and even lay down my life for them, as well as for the Jews, and for my own beloved people, their victims in my own homeland. These Mohammedan Turks rest upon the heart of God; therefore, we, His children, must take them upon *our* hearts and do all in our power to save their souls.

The cruelties thus perpetrated by the Turks upon my beloved people, humanly speaking, were most shockingly contrary to what I had been expecting God would do as an answer to my agonizing prayer for two long years in London in behalf of those very Turks themselves. But His ways are higher than ours (Isaiah 55:8, 9), and by His own wonderful help in-

stead of giving up the hope, in the very depths of my heart even a greater longing for their salvation was being revived, which also was the only remedy to stop their cruel persecution of my people, unless Jesus would soon come and deliver us. Therefore, all the more I longed to go back to Turkey and begin to work among them. At times, when my patience seemed tried almost to the very limit in this matter, I remember many a time crying to God somewhat in the language of Abraham (Gen. 15:2, 3), "O Lord God, what are you going to do with me? My days are passing away without the fulfillment of Isaiah 41:14-16 in my life, which Thou hast promised me." Or, like Jeremiah in chapter 14:8, 9, "O the hope of Israel, the Saviour thereof in time of trouble, why shouldst thou be a stranger in the land, and as a wayfaring man that turneth aside to tarry for a night? Why shouldst thou be as a man astonished, as a mighty man that cannot save? Yet thou, O Lord, art in the midst of us and we are called by thy name; leave us not."

At this period one passage in the Bible would come before me constantly and more prominently than any other. It was the repeated question of the voice of God to Elijah in the 19th chapter of 1 Kings, "What doest thou here, Elijah?" It would kindle and intensify my desire to leave America and go to Turkey to be used of God there among my own 'grief-stricken people as well as among the Turks, our enemies, our murderers—so much so that once in a while I would find myself running before the Lord, instead of following Him, as I ought to do: "When he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth *before* them, and the sheep *follow* him; for they know his voice" (John 10:4). Once I even packed my trunk and was ready to sail. At another time \$45.20 was given to me by some of my dear friends in Atlantic City, N. J., toward my fare to Turkey. But in each of these cases

I was miraculously hindered from going. In the latter case I had to return the \$45.20 to my friends. Worst of all was this: A beautiful young Christian woman and her intended husband in the city of Philadelphia, who knew nothing about the work of the Lord in Turkey, had met me at Christ's Home there, and seeing this great desire of my heart, had become deeply interested in me and in my cause. They decided to get married right away and follow me to Turkey as my co-workers.

Having already been repeatedly disappointed about the matter, I decided to be *perfectly* sure this time whether or not it was the will of God for me to go to Turkey.

I prayed and prayed, but did not get any light. At last I was distinctly led by the Lord to *fast* and continue praying about it. I fasted and prayed one day, but no answer came. I continued the second and the third and the fourth days—still no reply. It seemed strange. At last I determined to continue thus fasting and praying even if it took me *forty days*, as in Jesus' case. I always was, and am still, so afraid to do anything against the will of my God, and this was a most serious question with me, because for nearly fifteen years I had been in suspense concerning this matter of my returning home.

In the beginning I had been eating in the evenings, but as the days came and went I lost a great deal of my appetite, and mainly took only water in the evenings. I said to the Lord that if it really took *forty days* of fasting and praying to find out His mind concerning this matter, I would do it; besides, I would spend the last *three* of these forty days in not touching any food, neither drinking a drop of water, entreating Him to treat it as though I had fasted forty days and forty nights without eating or drinking at all—as Jesus did Himself in the wilderness—so

earnest and determined was I about the matter! Really, it looked as if I was going to be forty days! Then this desire came to me, that I would so like to spend the *last three* of these forty days in a wilderness-like place as did Jesus, all alone with God.

I was staying in Philadelphia at that time, and had met the above-mentioned young couple at Christ's Home, of the same city. There I had also met a lovely lady who was newly converted in the same institution and had a home in the country at Northfield, N. J., where I was told she lived all alone. As I was praying about being all alone with God in the last three days of my fasting, one day I was led to go to this woman and tell her secretly of my case and ask her if she would take me to her home for these last three days. Tears came to her eyes, and she said: "My dear, I want to take you right now. I am soon going back home." So I went with her. I found it a most beautiful country residence. She put me upstairs in her best room. This was about a week before the forty days expired. For the first few days I could go into the woods and have wonderful communion with God, as I had been desiring, but when the last three days approached and I stopped even taking a drop of water, I began to collapse; my remaining little strength left me. I was unable to go out in the woods any more. When the fortieth day came I could not even sit up in a chair or on a lounge in the room, but mostly lay on the floor, nearly exhausted. I was almost a skeleton; not a particle of saliva was left in my mouth; my tongue seemed like a piece of dry stick (Psalm 22:15), and yet I was clinging to God and beseeching Him to reveal His will to me, even if I died in this condition. My friend told me afterwards that she would come up very, very quietly, and opening the door of my room would look at me lying on the floor and crying to God in this

most pitiful condition, and would again close the door quietly and go down stairs with tearful eyes.

Such an experience will sound most extraordinary to my readers, and it *was*; but I am not telling about it to incline others to such a course. Each individual must be lead of the Lord and know that he *is* led. If we follow each other's experiences in such matters we are in danger of being led astray and of missing God's guidance.

Read, please, the fifty-eighth chapter of Isaiah. It is my fasting chapter.

On the morning of the fortieth day my friend brought me a home letter from my elder half-sister. She was a very godly woman and could recite from memory almost the whole Bible. She has since died. She expressed her exceeding joy in this letter that I was intending to go back to Turkey. She used a very strong expression, saying that if our loving mother were to rise from the dead she would not have any greater joy. It was a wonderful comfort to me at such a time as that. I did not know that my sister loved me so much as to make such a strong statement, still I did not feel that this was an indication to me from God to go back to Turkey.

Finally the last hour of my fortieth day arrived. The burden from my heart was lifted in a wonderful way, although outwardly there was no indication whatever. My friend came up and knocked at my door, saying with great delight, "The supper is ready," and we went downstairs to the dining room. First of all, she gave me some hot water to soften my mouth, throat and stomach, then a delicious soup, etc. After supper I told her I wanted to go to Atlantic City, where I was living then, and which was only eighteen minutes' car ride from Northfield, N. J. She did not want me to do so, but I insisted on going, as I felt very strangely that something was waiting there for

me on *that very day* through which God would openly manifest His will to me. I went, and sure enough, the very first thing I learned upon my arrival was that another terrible massacre was taking place in Turkey on that self same day. The papers were full of it. Everybody was horrified. It was the general theme of conversation. This was the massacre of 1909.

Was it not wonderful how God, who foreknoweth all things, had thus called me to fast and pray just forty days before this awful massacre, and had held me steady until He could thus give me such striking and unmistakable and sure evidence of His will concerning my return?

If an angel had stood in the skies and cried out, "Rebecca Krikorian, I am sent by God to let you know that it is *not* His will for you to return to your own country as yet," it would not have been a clearer answer to my forty days' fasting and praying about the matter. My life had already been sought by the Turks in the previous massacre, and what a presumption it would be for me to go there now just at the time of another horrible massacre, thus saying to the Turk: "Here am I; just cut me into pieces as you desired to do formerly!"

By this time my friends, Mr. and Mrs. John Herter, had been married and were ready and waiting for me to leave the country for Turkey. Of course, I declined to go. They were shocked, as was everyone at the Christ's Home, but I had to do the will of my Father in heaven at any cost. The newly married couple had had a real call of God, through meeting me, to go to Turkey. They went. Later on, several more missionaries from the same place (Christ's Home) were sent out. They all did a splendid work at Kasab, Syria, among the survivors of that last massacre of my own beloved people until the war broke out and such havoc was wrought in the mission fields



in Turkey that seemingly the work of God (carried on for well nigh a century there) was destroyed, and all the missionaries of the Christ's Home, excepting this first couple, as well as many other missionaries, were driven out of Turkey.

On June 24, 1908, the Lord gave me a wonderful vision, in which I was told by some authorities to go to a certain place that had been assigned to me as my field of labor. I did. It was quite a distance out of the city, and I was all alone. On my arrival there, to my great astonishment, I found it such an immense field that there seemed no boundary line to it but the movable horizon. It looked like ETERNITY to me. In utter amazement I gazed at it a few minutes, and then plunged headlong into it to begin my work without any delay. On entering in once more I stood and lifted up my eyes and looked on these eternity-like wide fields and behold! they were all *wheat*, and "white already to harvest."

Just before I began my work of gathering the harvest it occurred to me, "How shall I know my way back home to the city when I am through with the day's work in the evening? I shall rush headlong with this tremendous task all around us, and when the time comes to stop I shall not know which way to turn to come out of it, because I am encircled with the horizon only. So I said to myself, the first thing I shall have to do, then, must be to erect on this very spot where I entered in, a great, high post toward the sky, with a flag waving on top as a sign or guide for my exit in the evening. While engaged with lifting up this post and flag I awoke.

I was charmed with the vision, as I at once understood what the Lord meant to say to me with it.

It is over eleven years now since the Lord gave me this vision, but it is as clear before my eyes as it was then. Neither have I been disappointed in the

least because it has not come to be true as yet. "For the vision is yet for an appointed time, but at the end it shall speak and not lie; though it tarry, wait for it; because it will surely come, it will not tarry" (Hab. 2:3). Thus the Lord has been whispering to me all this time, and "I believe God" (Acts 27:25).

I have never mentioned a word to any human being all these years about this wonderful vision, and this is the very first time I have put it on paper, as is the case with almost all of my experiences given in this book.

Although it is a fact that I am very reserved in regard to my private devotions, or personal affairs with the Lord (they being the most sacred things of life), yet they certainly govern and energize us in our daily life.

You will remember my previous vision, back in Aintab just before the beginning of our gospel temperance work there, and its effect upon me, and later on its wonderful results among our people. This vision in Atlantic City has had a greater effect upon me than the former. Ever since then June 24th has been to me a more sacred day than even July 16th, my birthday. I celebrate this day with great reverence, prayers, and thanksgiving to God, and put Him in remembrance (Isa. 43:26; Psalm 119:49) of all He will yet do for us.

## VI

### SAMUEL COMES TO AMERICA

Shortly after this vision I began to think of my nephew, Samuel C. Krikorian, in Aintab, to whom we have referred, and asked of the Lord how it would do to bring him over to this country to be educated as a missionary or minister. Samuel was now a lad of fifteen or sixteen years, and had given his heart to Christ when twelve years of age. Meantime, the second massacre of 1909 broke out, which made Samuel's parents in Aintab and myself in America think more seriously and pray more earnestly for the child's escape from the horrors in our homeland. Soon our prayers were answered, and Samuel came to America, arriving on August 25, 1909. As an answer to another earnest prayer, the Lord provided a beautifully spiritual place for Samuel at Warmingster, Buck county, Pa., in the country home of Dr. A. Oetinger, the organizer of Christ's Home in Philadelphia, to which we have already referred, a very godly man, as well as a man of great faith. His institution is after the order of George Muller's, in Bristol, England. Samuel stayed there about two years, and took a high school education. To come in contact with such a devout man and woman as Dr. and Mrs. Oetinger in their own home, and to be in such an institution, was a choicest opportunity and blessing for Samuel, at such an early time in his life.

While Samuel was there the Lord used me to aid three other young men of my own nationality, each one being from a different part of Armenia or Turkey. These had escaped from the same massacre as my

nephew, and wanted to come to this country with the intention of securing an education for Christian work.

Long before these young men came to America there was a burden on my heart far greater than that of securing money for their education. This burden was concerning the kind of school or college to which I should send them to be educated on their arrival in this country. I knew full well that in most of the schools, colleges, and universities of the United States the true religion of Jesus Christ and the sound doctrine of the Bible were neither known nor taught, many of their teachers, professors, or principals being unbelievers or having embraced some such doctrines of devils as Higher Criticism, Rationalism, Eddyism, Unitarianism, New Thought, and Theosophy. Consequently, together with some very godly friends of mine in Atlantic City, we made this matter a definite subject of our daily prayers for full seven months, after which in a miraculous way the Lord opened the way for these young men to come to America and enter into the Messiah Bible School and Missionary Training Home of the Brethren in Christ Church, at Grantham, Pa., on November 7, 1911. They are splendid and godly people and have a spiritual institution. Oh, how thankful I was to God for it!

Now the next problem to be solved was, how and where to get the money for the education of these three young men. After consulting with the president of the school, the late Bishop S. R. Smith, and taking his advice, I went to most of the Brethren in Christ churches in the East and raised money for the first year of the boys' education in the Grantham school. In January of the following year, 1912, Bishop Smith suggested that I should visit their churches in the Central States and California, continuing to speak and raise money for the boys and the Armenian cause. This I undertook, trusting the Lord.

On this tour, when I reached Newton, Kans., I was entertained by a returned missionary from India and her friends who told me of a brother, Fred H. Mendell, a Pentecostal Nazarene minister in the same town. They expressed their desire to have me become acquainted with him and ask him to arrange a meeting for me in his church for the next day, which was a Sunday, as I had to leave the place on Monday. So they took me to him and he gladly promised to do so, also arranged for me to speak in some of the other big churches of Newton on that same Sunday.

I spoke at Brother Mendell's church at the evening service. He was the first Pentecostal Nazarene minister I had ever met, and his church was the very first Pentecostal Nazarene church in which I had ever spoken. The way in which he conducted this meeting, the interest he showed in my cause, the zeal he expressed for the salvation of sinners, and the altar services all were fine, and all impressed me greatly. After the service he and his dear wife took me to their home and entertained me very nobly.

In the morning Brother Mendell gave me a list of names and addresses of Pentecostal Nazarene ministers, district superintendents and others, in different states on my way to California, together with letters of recommendation to them, requesting that I be allowed to speak in their churches. The first address in my list was that of the Holiness Bible School of Hutchinson, Kans., where I was received very cordially. On my arrival there I was feeling somewhat tired from the pressing work of the previous day. The dear housekeeper must have noticed it, because when she took me to my room she said so, and asked me to lie down and rest about half an hour until supper time. I did not incline to do so, but out of her kindness she insisted, and I submitted. So she drew down the shades of all the windows, shut

the door, and left me alone to rest. It was all dark, nice and quiet. I must have lost myself right away, when suddenly I jumped out of bed, hearing a terrible alarm. "Fire! Fire!! Fire!!!" At the same time there was a loud pounding on the floor of the room underneath mine! I said to myself, "The house is on fire, but where am I?" Because in that first moment I could not even remember where I was, much less did I know how to come out of the place and save my life. But instinctively I began trying to feel with my hand for the door or a window where I could perhaps jump out and save my life. Just then the alarm continued: "O God, we want the fire from on high! Send us the Holy Ghost!" I wonder if you can realize the sudden change of feeling and emotions in my whole being at that moment when I remembered that I was in the holiness school of the Pentecostal Nazarenes, and what I thought was a fire alarm must have been a prayermeeting in the place? Had I not already experienced the power of the same fire myself I, too, in amazement and doubt, might have mocked them, saying, "These men are full of new wine" (Acts 2: 12, 13). But instead, thank God, I took perfect delight in these "fiery" people, and had the pleasure of speaking to them several times during the two or three days I was with them. We were bound to each other in the love of Christ, though they did frighten me almost to death at the beginning.

From Hutchinson, Kans., I went on and visited some other congregations in Colorado, Oregon, and Washington, all of which were more or less filled with the same "fire from on-high."

At last I struck the fountain of this fiery people in California. The first city at which I stopped in this golden state was Oakland, on January 28, 1913. On my way from Newton, Kans., to California, I heard enough good things about Dr. P. F. Bresee—the be-

loved founder and leader of this great movement—to induce me, without hesitation, to go directly to his home on my arrival in Los Angeles.

It was a Saturday evening, February 22d, when I arrived in Los Angeles. The moment I came out of the car a rain began to fall, and every moment it increased, until at last when I reached 1126 Santee street, Dr. Bresee's home, it was almost like a flood. I was wet through and through. The Bresee family was out. I waited for them about three or four hours out on the porch in that pouring rain, and while waiting I continually prayed that I might not catch cold and be sick. The Lord heard my prayer and no harm befell me. Afterward I was told that the rain was very much needed in California at that time, and was being earnestly prayed for. About ten o'clock that night the Bresee family came home and made me a welcome guest for several days, although I was a perfect stranger to Dr. Bresee and his good wife. How I enjoyed my visit there, especially one day when Dr. Bresee took an hour or two after dinner, and told me the wonderful story of how through him the Lord had started this great work. He told me of the oppositions and persecutions which came from the Enemy, and the triumphs and victories won by the Lord, after which he gave me Isaiah 60: 19, 20, and said, "Mark it in your Bible." This I did, and it has been a great help to me ever since. I was delighted with the story, and was also quite surprised that a great man like him, whose moments must necessarily be of great value, should spend such a long time in conversing with and encouraging one in the Lord's work who was really a perfect stranger to him.

The next day after my arrival in Los Angeles was a Sunday, February 23d. In the afternoon I spoke in the First Nazarene Church of this great city. I was charmed with that thronging crowd of between

one and two thousand saints, and with their able minister, Rev. C. E. Cornell, who is now my own pastor.

After this the way was opened for me to speak several times in the Pasadena University, University Church, and the First Nazarene Church, in Pasadena. I also had the privilege of speaking twice at the Emmanuel Nazarene Church of Los Angeles, Rev. Lucy P. Knott, pastor. Brothers Bud Robinson and Lafontaine made a list of quite a number of Pentecostal Nazarene churches in southern California for me to visit in the interest of my work. I did so, and it proved a mutual blessing.



## VII

### A HOME FOR THE HOMELESS

On my first visit to Sister Knott, and while talking about the terrible persecutions of my own people in Turkey, she told me a very interesting story about her son, Rev. James Proctor Knott, when he was nine years of age. She said that during the time of the terrible massacre of the Armenians by the Turks, and when the daily papers of America were filled with horrible details of the atrocities committed, they used to read and talk of those awful crimes. The heart of this little American citizen was moved to action. As the awful crimes were read from day to day the heart of little Proctor was deeply stirred, being filled with indignation against the Turks, and broken with sympathy for the poor Armenians.

"Why is it allowed?" he would ask. "Won't somebody go and help those papas and mammas and poor little children?" And he would cry and cry, until the parents would not read or talk before him, save when they talked to God at the family altar. But the boy did not forget.

One day he said, "Mamma, I want to write to President Cleveland, and tell him to send a war over there to save the Armenians. Please write it for me and I will tell you the words." And the mother did so. The following is a copy of little Proctor's letter:

Dear President Cleveland:—

I want to tell you something very serious. I wish you would do it, if you please. I hear that the Armenians are treated very badly. Will you please send some soldiers over there to 'tend to it?

They are Christians, and I am a Christian, too. I feel very, very, very sorry for them.



JAMES PROCTOR KNOTT

As you can get all the soldiers you please, have a war sent over there. I want it done as soon as you can possibly do it.

I would give my own life for them, I think.

Write me what you think about it. This is pressing on my mind. I would rather see that war than a war with England. I wouldn't care so much if they were not Christians.

Before we go any farther, I would like to tell you my name. I am Proctor Knott, and am nine years of age. I live in Los Angeles, Cal. Maybe you don't know that twelve thousand more are going to be killed. Hundreds are being killed every day.

The Armenians never done anything, but just for meanness the Turks are killing them.

Don't put this off because I am only a boy. I want it done with all my heart. I think we have six thousand

gunboats and four torpedo boats. I understood a man to say we had one of the strongest boats in the world.

If you can possibly do this favor I will be very much obliged.

If I had any money I would send every speck of it to help.

Your friend,

JAMES PROCTOR KNOTT.

Before I came to California I had been receiving letters from Turkey telling me of the miserable condition of some of our little children, and how they became blind for lack of proper care and food after the

martyrdom of their parents during the second massacre of 1909. They also told me of the aged people in their second childhood who, after a useful and oftentimes very hard life, were cast adrift on a cold world without home or loved ones to care for them. Especially was this the case since the above-mentioned massacre, when their sons and daughters had been killed and they had none to answer their heart's cry for love and sympathy. Among such were the retired and helpless ministers and pastors of Asia Minor—yes, of all the Turkish Empire—many of whom after hard and strenuous labor of almost all their life were now, in the infirmities of old age, in a state of destitution, poverty, and misery. I had been helping them, of course, by sending relief as the Lord had been blessing me in my efforts in speaking for the cause in the churches in the East, but it was only a drop in the bucket compared to the vastness of the need. And now, on reading this cute letter of our dear little Proctor, and seeing his great faith in the power and authority of only a *man* (Neh. 1: 11), Mr. Cleveland, President of the United States, in subduing the Turks and rescuing the suffering Armenians, my own people, I said in my heart, "Why should not I, in like manner of faith and confidence, go to my loving heavenly Father, the great God of heaven and earth, and ask Him in Jesus' name to grant me at least \$50,000 for His own glory to found an institution for the blind in Turkey?"

So far as I know, this would be the first of its kind in that benighted country. In such an institution we could gather at least some of these blind and helpless children, of my own nationality, from different parts of the country. And not only these, but others from among the Turks and the Jews, for whom also I was equally burdened. We could make it a home and school of education for them, and a place where



A Group of Blind Children at Aintab With Their Teacher in the  
(center, Miss Krikorian Has Been Helping Them Since  
the Massacre of 1908)

they could be cared for and rescued from their ungodly environments, and taught to read the Bible, and be brought up in the ways of the Lord and for His service. Such an institution could be a school of manual arts as well, where the children could be taught different trades and become self-supporting, thus not being a burden on society. Meantime we could devote part of the same building to some of our poor, aged men and women, among whom we would have some of the retired and helpless ministers and pastors of the country. This home would take the place of the Mission House also, for which I had come to America in the very beginning.

I had no doubt that such a desire had come to me from the Lord. I cherished it, prayed over it, wrote a little tract about it, and was getting ready to do my part in the matter of raising this \$50,000 by speaking in public about it. Just then the European war broke out, and my own country and people became the greatest victims of it, and were plunged into a general ruin which was a hundred times worse than they had ever passed through previously. This was true on account of the godless Germans being now added to the cruel Turks as their oppressors. Of course, under such circumstances it would be entirely out of the question for me to attempt to do anything like raising funds for this institution in Turkey. Consequently, I made no further efforts to raise the money. But, thank God, by His own help and grace my faith was not shaken in the least. No matter how dark and thick and heavy the cloud has been hanging over my beloved country all these four or five years, during this awful war, nor how our case seemed an utterly hopeless one, yet against hope I believe in hope that "the Lord would perfect that which concerneth me" (Psalm 138: 8).

I had His Word and His promise to me for all

such cases, yet to be fulfilled in my life, and I knew that He was not through with me yet. Consequently, according to James' rule of Christian life, I began to *work*, in different ways for the success of the cause (James 2: 26).

In the accompanying picture of our blind children in Aintab, two of the little boys in the front row are Mohammedan Turkish children. Their parents being poor, also comparatively enlightened, sent them to our school over there for education. This was after the massacre of 1909. These little ones having learned in the school of Jesus and His love and how to pray to Him, by and by they began to tell of Him to their parents and friends and neighbors, and often they would not go to bed at night without first asking their fathers and mothers also to come and kneel down together with them at the bedside and listen to them praying to Jesus, with their little hands folded, that He send His angels to keep them and their papas and mammas and neighbors and friends also from every harm and danger through the night. With tears of joy in their eyes, their mothers would come and tell of this to the members of the committee of that school in Aintab, and they wrote to me about it.

So Luke 10:2 is true even of this seemingly hopeless work among the Mohammed Turks of Turkey, if only the Church of Christ could have faith and zeal and courage enough to take their lives in their hands and go forth in His mighty name and preach Christ to them, and if those that can not go will help us with their earnest prayers and means. Amen. Help us, Lord!

## VIII

### A HOME IN CALIFORNIA FOR THIRTY-THREE CENTS

Ever since I came to California I had been thinking much of that dear nephew of mine in the East, Samuel Krikorian. By this time, too, he had finished high school at Warminster, Pa., where we had left him last. He was about to graduate in a few months also from Messiah Bible School and Missionary Training Home of the Brethren in Christ at Grantham, Pa., where we also had the other three Armenian young men, as the reader may remember. Samuel went to this school on January 9, 1912, and was sanctified there at the time of their yearly conference, which was held in January of the following year, 1913.

In all my acquaintance with the Pentecostal Nazarene churches within that first year of my being in California, and especially with this Pasadena College here in this beautiful city of Pasadena, it was a fact of no dispute with us that this college was the best *spiritual* one I had ever come across in all my travels in the United States. It had almost every line of study that all other colleges in the country had—plus CHRIST on top of it as their “All in all.” Therefore, I desired very much that Samuel should come and take a college course here, so as to better equip himself for the Lord’s work in his future life in our homeland. I prayed much about it, and finally felt sure that it was the will of the Lord. I wrote and invited him to come to Pasadena for this purpose as soon as he would be through his school there. But he wrote a very unfavorable answer, saying that he was not think-

ing of being a missionary or minister now, but a civil engineer. I understood that there was a trick of the Devil in the matter, trying to snatch him out of the hands of the Lord, but was not disappointed. I left the matter entirely with the Lord, and continued praying. I also asked some godly women friends in the University church, where I used to attend whenever I had no engagement myself to speak elsewhere, and which I used to enjoy very much indeed, to join their prayers with mine for this. Before the time for his graduation came the Lord interfered in the matter, and Samuel was changed, and was now willing to be and to do what the Lord wanted. So he decided to come to California and enter Pasadena University as soon as he was through his school there. I was exceedingly glad.

Now I desired very much to make a home for Samuel and myself by renting a few rooms, a small house, or a cottage, mostly that he might be comfortable when he came; but I had nothing to start it with—not even a teaspoon or a cup to drink from—nor any money to spare to buy such necessities. I was not working for a selfish object. I had no salary, no wages, and whatever was the response from my labors for my suffering people I was only too glad to send either for the education of the three boys in Grantham school or forward to the sufferers in Turkey as quickly as possible, according to whichever purpose the money given to me was designated for. I myself was depending upon the Lord chiefly for my own personal necessities, as I do until this very day, and He has been and does now take splendid care of me (Psalm 34:10). Therefore it is most interesting how I started this housekeeping. In the very beginning let me tell you how I got my first dishes to begin this housekeeping in Pasadena, and what they were.

One day as I was walking with a friend in the out-



skirts of Pasadena we passed by a beautiful tree. I noticed that in one part of this tree its bark was loosened and projecting out. It attracted my attention, so I turned back and examined it, and behold, in the inside this bark was beautifully smooth and shiny. I said to my friend, "Wait a minute, please, I am going to get some new dishes for my new house." She and I were stopping in the same place, and we both were intending to move out and make our own homes in Pasadena. She stopped, and I easily cut quite a big piece of this bark, brought it to our place, washed and carved it, and shaped it into two beautiful dishes in which to put my bread, cheese, tomatoes, or any such thing to eat. I tell you it was a perfect delight, and anything in them tasted extra delicious to me. Thus it was that the Lord started my much desired housekeeping for me, then and there.

On February 7, 1914, I moved from that place (408 Kensington Place) to a cottage in the grove just behind the Pasadena University, outside the city limits, for a few months so as to be right on the ground with the university and University church, and enjoy the blessings of these two wonderfully spiritual places. My kind landlady, Mrs. Brewer, a Pentecostal Nazarene (she has since gone to glory), understood that I had nothing so she provided just a few old pieces of furniture and odd-and-end dishes, and an old bed with bedding for me in her vacant cottage before I moved in there. This I appreciated very much indeed.

From there I moved down town on June 14, 1914, to an old house, but in one of the best localities in the city (North Los Robles avenue) which I got for \$5 a month rent. The landlady said that her renters before me paid \$15 for it, but being a godly woman and interested in the suffering Armenians she reduced it to one-third in order to help the cause. It was to

this house that Samuel came from the East on July 14, 1914.

But before his arrival I worked hard day and night trying to prepare this home for him and make it as nice looking and attractive as possible, by cleaning and fixing up the old house and the old things that were given to me at the grove. Sometimes I sat up all night doing all kinds of work that such an occasion would demand, especially sewing with my hands. I also desired very much to make a new quilt, but had nothing to make it of. I definitely prayed about it, and left it with the Lord. A few days afterward while coming home I noticed an upholstering store down town. It occurred to me, "Why should I not go home and take some of my own beautiful Armenian hand-made laces, come back and ask the proprietors of this place if they wouldn't like to exchange some of their remnants, or pieces, that they might not need, for my laces, enough to make my quilt?" This I did. They were very nice and noble people, and wanted to give to me for nothing, saying that my laces were too good to exchange for their pieces. But as I do not like to take advantage of the kindness of people, I urged them to accept the laces. To this they submitted, and so they gave me quite a lot for a yard or two of my laces. They asked me to come again a few months later, if I cared to.

I brought the pieces home, and made out of them many beautiful new articles for my empty, naked house, as well as fixing the old pieces of furniture given to me; and the old house looked as fine as if I had spent many, many dollars to furnish and decorate it—so much so that I felt it wise to give an explanation to callers who did not know me very well, but who had heard me in different meetings, as to how I had fixed the place. I feared that they might suspect that I was getting funds from the public and appropriating

them, or at least part of them, to myself in such ways. In furnishing such a nice-looking house I spent only thirty-three cents.

Now it came to me, "Why should I not go again with my laces and exchange more and bring the proceeds home, and, by faith, start a personal Dorcas Society of my own, to make dresses for naked ones and prepare articles to furnish our proposed home for our blind children and old folks in Turkey, for which I am trusting God, and where our precious people, young and old, are perishing from nakedness, starvation, exposure, and disease? I would later on send, or rather take them there myself, whenever the war was over and the Lord opened the way to go home. I thought it was an excellent idea and of the Lord, so I did it. Later on I found another such store, and with them also started a similar business. and last of all a tent store, where I could get remnants of pieces of strong goods that tents and awnings are made of. If business was good, all these places would ask me to go often for the pieces; if slack, only about two or three times a year.

One day I noticed that when they fixed or renewed old lounges, cushions, mattresses, etc., they kept the old, dirty covers of the furniture in their stores. They were comparatively much larger pieces, and for the most part they were very strong, durable, and of lovely material, such as silk, velour, brocade, silk plush, velvet, woollen silk reps, expensive tapestry, crêtonne, and many other costly fabrics, the names of which I do not know. But generally, oh, the dirt on them! Sometimes more than dirt, they were filthy! I hate dirt and filth, almost as much as I hate the Devil himself, and yet I was willing to do and to be anything for my perishing people. I felt that I could make out of these dirty pieces most beautiful, strong, and durable clothes of every kind for every age of our

naked people, also very serviceable articles at the same time to furnish our proposed home in Turkey much more conveniently, and in a great deal less time, than with new pieces which were really too small to make such articles. So I asked them to give me those kinds of goods as well, and they did. I would bring them home, and first of all I would pull out hundreds of small rusty tacks, which sometimes would make my fingertips almost blistered, then I would wash and clean the goods in lime water and other preparations which would kill the germs in them.

I continued this work until at last there were very few new pieces. Almost all these pieces consisted of such dirty stuff, and they were sometimes so dirty that I had to stop and pray for grace before I could touch them, also that in handling them I might not contract disease from the germs in them by inhalation. Once I had a big piece of tapestry which was so dirty that one could almost take a knife and scrape it. I showed it to my neighbor in the next apartment, and asked her if she knew a better or easier way of cleaning a thing like that. It was in some pouring rainy days of February, I think. With a sour face, and pointing to the little pools of rainwater and mud in the back yard, she said, "Go and dip it in that rain and mud, and take a stick in your hand and stir it up good, so that it may soak the mud and rain through and through for a day or two. That may loosen its dirt, and you may find it easier to clean it afterward." I did so, and I thought it really helped.

However, I continued this work more or less all the time in my leisure during the last three or four years. Of course many a time many months passed by and I did not have either the goods or the time to do anything, but I gave this last summer's months almost altogether to this particular work, because by that time God had so graciously increased my faith to such a

degree, and given me such an assurance, that I could not help believing and feeling and rejoicing in the depth of my soul that my time in this country was coming shortly to a close. I felt that my time for going back home and opening up this home for the homeless and helpless children and old folks, and working among the Jews and Gentiles, was at hand; though even darker and more hopeless and impossible than ever before the outward circumstances seemed to be on account of the increasing war.

This blank misery and seeming despair in my country was the choicest opportunity for the Enemy who ever works with an untiring and ceaseless perseverance to tempt and discourage and thus weaken our hands from the work of the Lord "that it is not to be done" (Neh. 6:9). He never left me alone, but repeatedly came ridiculing me by whispering in my ears a most common saying of ours in cases like mine: "All you need now is only three horseshoes and one horse, isn't it?" Now I must tell you what that means:

It seems that there was once in Turkey a half crazy man who was more than crazy to get a horse, but was as poor as he was crazy. One day, while roaming the streets, he found an old rusty horseshoe. With greatest ecstasy of joy he grabbed it, and jumping up and down he cried, "All I need now to get the horse is only three more horseshoes, and one horse." How often the Devil would "dip his bloody arrows into the poison of hell," as Pastor Spurgeon used to say, and try to shoot at me with unbelief or distrust in God in this matter by whispering this saying of ours in my ears and then adding, "How foolish! How crazy you are, Rebecca, preparing these articles to furnish a great big and costly building in an utterly ruined and desolated country like yours, for which you have not one single cent, and getting clothing for the backs

of the naked inmates of the same house, when you have not one cent to take or send them there."

But thank God for the Bible! Because each time the great Adversary would approach me in such subtle ways I would refer him to some such miracles as the one mentioned in the sixth and seventh chapters of Second Kings and say to him, "Get thee behind me, Satan." I am trusting in that self-same living, mighty God of heaven and earth, who delivered His people in one single night from the most horrible famine that this world of ours had ever experienced, when the women had actually begun to kill and eat the children of their own bosom. So when His own good time comes for me to get the money for this building in my homeland, or to have these articles sent to the poor over there, "God will provide all the required money for us in due time."

Thus I would chase the Devil by the Word of God, and he would flee from me (James 4: 7; Rom. 16: 20.) Was it not wonderful? It was the Lord! Glory to Him forever! "Neither told I any man what my God had put in my heart to do for Jerusalem" (Neh. 2: 12).

I did it all in secret, because with such havoc wrought in every part of Turkey the devilish plan of deporation, the scattering and massacre of entire communities of Armenians, tens of thousands of our beautiful virgins and young women captured and carried to Turkish harems, the whole country itself (like the old Jericho) being "straitly shut up" because of the horrible war, with no mail, no communication, none permitted to come out or go in, its survivors starving to death by thousands every day—under these conditions nobody seemed to believe that what I was expecting could come to pass. Therefore, for fear that friends and neighbors might only be a hindrance to my faith and future service and usefulness for the Lord,

I thought it would be wise not to let them know what I was doing. Really who could blame them? Consequently, I tried to be very quiet about the matter, as much as it was in my power, until the very end (the last summer months) because the Lord had already taught me when to seek "the multitude of counsellors" (Prov. 11:14), and when to be away from them. But there was an exception to this rule, as shown below.

Some years ago, when I was in Atlantic City, N. J., I was a member of a Bible class and a prayer circle which was called "Friends of Israel." I still keep my membership with them, and shall ever do so. Our leader, Mrs. Thomas McCorkle, was a converted and wholly sanctified Jewess, a most spiritually minded woman, who knew the Bible very well. This saint of God has been one of the greatest instruments in God's hands for the help of my suffering and dying people in Armenia and Turkey for years, both by her means and also by her prevailing prayers, which have also gone up for me personally. Through her our dear circle has been inspired to help the cause as well. I could open my heart to Mrs. McCorkle and to the circle more freely than to any others, in every need, difficulty, and perplexity of my life, and ask them to pray for me. We also would unite in our joys and praises to the Lord for our answered prayers. I had written to Mrs. McCorkle concerning my "Dorcas Society," and she wrote back, saying that I should call it my "CREATION," instead of Dorcas Society, because I had made such magnificent and beautiful things out of seemingly nothing. The name, "Creation," amused me. And how much do you think the Lord had enabled me to do in this "Creation"?

## IX

### SAMUEL'S TRIAL, SUCCESS, AND CHARACTER

Before answering this question properly we must go back and get hold of that young man of ours, Samuel Krikorian, in the Pasadena University of the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene. Before he finished his course in the Messiah Bible School and Missionary Training Home in Grantham, Pa., I had written to him that as soon as his school was finished he should come here without losing any time, so that he might find some work and earn his livelihood during the summer vacation, also save some money for his schooling the first year here. He did so. As soon as he arrived he began to hunt a job, but he could not find any. Days and weeks he was at it, searching for it here in Pasadena and Los Angeles, but no, there was no work *for him*. He could do good work in a printing office. That was what he was doing for the expenses of his education the last year or two in the East. But the difficulty here was that he was not a member of the "union." Wherever he went for work the first question was, "Are you a member of the union?" And as soon as they heard the reply, "No, sir," poor Samuel would get his final judgment, "We have no work for you."

In one place they liked his appearance so well that they advised him to join the union, and promised that if he would do that they would even increase their regular wages for him; so that he could get as much as \$30 or more a week. But Samuel could not be persuaded, for his conviction from the teachings of the Word of God concerning this "union" matter was this, that it would culminate at last in what is foretold



in the sixteenth and seventeenth verses of the thirteenth chapter of Revelation. What could the child do? He was penniless, and I was the same, you might say. He needed money badly for more things than eating and drinking. This is what he did. He said to me one day, on his return home after the fruitless labor of hunting for work all day on his feet, and so fatigued, "Well, I am not going to do anything against the teachings of the Word of God, and displease Him, if I starve to death." That was his determination in the matter. How glad I was to hear that. He was not even of age then, young in both physical and spiritual life. But the grace of God was resting upon the lad, no matter how the Devil was after him.

That whole summer all the work Samuel could find to do was for four or five days at the Bush Garden, of this city. He so grasped the work and did it with all his might and strength, that the palms of both of his hands were blistered and sore. He continued until there was no more work for him to do there. Neither would he forget to set aside his tithe to the Lord out of what he earned.

But the Lord had a better plan for him as part of his education for his future work as a minister of the gospel, through this trial. Now in this helplessness he decided to unite with me in faith, and trust in the Lord together for all necessities of his life. We both decided to be careful not to give any hint to anybody how we were standing financially, but to trust in God alone (Psalm 62:5) for all our needs, and see ourselves if the God of Elijah was not living today, and if He could not feed us with the ravens of the skies if need be (1 Kings 17: 2-6). It seemed God was greatly honored by this decision of ours, and although our faith was tried many times, yet He performed miracle after miracle every day in feed-

ing, clothing, and sheltering us. Neither time nor space will permit me to enter into any details of this part of our life. It would fill volumes.

Suffice it to say that we did find the God of Elijah living today, and the same today, "plenteous in mercy unto all them that call upon him" (Psalms 86:5; 107:9; 111:5; Phil. 4:19). Our testimony of Him in this respect was, and is today, that "the young lions do lack and suffer hunger, but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing" (Psalm 34:10). "Thou crownest the year with thy goodness, and thy paths drop fatness" (Psalm 65:11). Glory be to His mighty and loving name forever and ever!

Soon after the university opened that year, 1914, Samuel went up there, on October 28th, and worked for his education, room, board, and all the rest of his necessities. Later on he undertook some more work down town, running a jitney bus for a well-to-do man, whose wife said to me afterward that they found my nephew most honest and upright in all their financial affairs in this business to the last penny, and that he was a blameless young man.

One would think that spending so much time in work every day he would get behind in his studies, but the fact was just the contrary. He was among the first, if not the first, in all his classes. I have time and again seen the American students, much older than Samuel, coming to his room and asking him to explain and teach them difficult things in Greek and sociology, although Samuel had come to this country only a few years ago with no more knowledge of the English language than a hundred words, perhaps, at the most. Dr. H. O. Wiley, who was the president of the university at that time, sent me a copy of Samuel's marks for that year, almost every one of which was "A," which meant "excellent."

Best of all, Samuel was rapidly "growing in grace

and in the knowledge of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ," and in favor with God and men.

About that time the war, having broken out, was raging in Europe. Turkey had been involved in it, and the Armenians had become the greatest sufferers of all. All we knew about our country and people was what we were reading in the daily papers. All our mail and telegraphic communications had been cut off, and we were in terrible suspense. At least some of these reports were of unparalleled horrors in a general way. All at once we received a letter from my brother, Rev. H. K. Krikorian, of Constantinople, to the effect that my two brothers and their families in Aintab had been deported to Damacus, where the Turks are fiercest. One of these brothers of mine was Samuel's father. This was a terrible blow to both of us, and we suffered a great deal. It affected Samuel so much that he had to leave school for a few weeks. But soon the Lord came to our help in a wonderful way, and Samuel resumed his studies.

The regular college course was of four years, but at the beginning of the third year Samuel greatly desired to be able to finish the remaining two years in one, so that he might be able to return home to Turkey to preach Christ to the Turks (his enemies) and to the Armenians (his own beloved people) one year sooner, if the Lord opened the way. Such was his desire to serve his Master. He prayed and waited on God. Finally he went and consulted with some of his teachers and professors in the college about the matter. Every one approved of the plan and encouraged him. They said, "You can accomplish it. Go ahead." He took their advice, and undertook to finish the remaining two years' course in one. The Lord, to whom he looked alone for help, did help and gave him the desire of his heart. He did finish his four years' course in three. Neither was he behind at all in any of

his classes for it, but always at the head, as usual, and even more, for that year his regular grade in some studies was so high that he was not required to stand an examination.



SAMUEL C. KRIKORIAN IN COLLEGE

A few years ago, while yet he was a student at the college. I had to speak at a Sunday morning service in the suburbs of Los Angeles. The minister knew Samuel, and while talking about him remarked, "I admire your nephew; beautiful quiet young man. What a brilliant mind he has! So deep, so wonderful,

so clear and straight as a sunbeam!" And he was not mistaken.

With all these excellent gifts and qualities Samuel is one of the most unassuming, humble, and modest young men I ever knew.

Right after his graduation he continued his jitney-bus business for some time longer in Pasadena. Then, thinking that it was rather too lazy a kind of work for him, he decided to have some farming business, and soon was hired by a farmer in Los Angeles, about a hundred miles north. He went and stayed there for a whole month, working like a slave, and enjoyed it much. But he was rather disappointed because, on account of the war, he could not go home to Turkey as a missionary, and enter into the direct work of the Lord.

Meanwhile I was much in prayer for him that, if it was the Lord's will, he should start a lecturing tour on behalf of our suffering and dying remnant at home in Armenia and Turkey, if he could not go and help them there. I wrote to him concerning the matter and pretty soon he was here.

He had already been thinking and praying for a long time about joining the First Pentecostal Nazarene Church of Pasadena. He felt that now it was the Lord's time for him to do so, and he joined it on Sunday evening, December 2, 1917. Just the evening before, while we were talking of the blessedness of being used of God in His service, he said to me, "Auntie, if I can not take my grandfather's place I would rather die now." He was referring to my own father, who, as the reader will remember, was a very devout man of God and a most successful minister of the gospel, but is now in glory.

I followed my nephew and joined the same church on September 29, 1918. After joining the church Samuel left Pasadena on December 7, 1917, and went

away to lecture in behalf of the suffering Armenians, his own people. Like Abraham, "he went out, not knowing whither he went." God honored his faith and obedience. His guileless life and pure and unselfish motives were soon manifested, and were appreciated by the American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief, and he was employed by them as their lecturer for the cause. God's blessing was upon his labors most manifestly, for in about five or six months he was the means of raising as much as fifty thousand dollars for the cause.

Soon he gained the perfect confidence of the secretary of the committee, Rev. E. A. Potter, under whom he worked, so that Mr. Potter left the key of the vault with Samuel in his absence to put in or take out thousands of dollars as the case demanded, like Joseph in Potiphar's house in Egypt (Gen. 39; 1-6). On one occasion, when Samuel told him his intention of leaving the Armenian Relief Committee to engage himself in our work for Turkey, Mr. Potter, thinking that he was asking to leave immediately, said, "For you to leave now would be disastrous to your people, as well as to the work here in this territory." And later he wrote again, "I will keenly regret the loss of your services in this work. I don't know that I have ever been associated with a friend that I have enjoyed more. I have absolute confidence in your sincerity and honesty, and the results of your work have been far beyond our hopes at the beginning."

Samuel left lecturing for the Armenian and Syrian relief work last February, and right away began his work of deputation for our prospective Jerusalem mission, and in this work he is engaged at present.

Meantime I was being stirred up again to the depth of my soul with a deeper yearning desire than ever before to be able to go back home to Turkey and

start my lifelong desired mission. All these years in contemplating this matter I always longed to open this mission in my own city, Aintab, Turkey, but now, on account of the war, not only Aintab, but the whole of Turkey was shut up against us, so that we not only could not go there, but even our *letters* could not go, nor could the letters of our loved ones come here to us. In fact we did not know if they were alive or dead. As I viewed the case from the war standpoint I became desperately hopeless. But, thank God, no matter how we may be hedged up down here with impossibilities on every side, our overhead is always open. So I raised my helpless, bleeding heart to God and cried out, "O Lord, how long? How long wilt thou be silent?" Immediately, almost an audible voice struck my heart and said to me, "Why don't you go to *Jerusalem* and open this mission in *Jerusalem*? The British have it now. The Turks have nothing to do with it any more. Go *there!* Make your headquarters there, and when the war is over and your country gets quiet then you can go up and down and open branches (mission stations) all over the country, as well as in Aintab. Is there anything too hard for the Lord?"

This was in February, 1918. With this revelation from above I felt so relieved of the burden, and so rejoiced over the matter, that I could hardly control myself. I at once wrote to Samuel about it and asked him if he would come with me to Jerusalem. He wrote back that he surely would. "Although the Germans are still mercilessly operating the submarines, yet, if the Lord wants us to go there and open our mission in Jerusalem He will protect *our* boat from being sunk. "I will go," was his reply. Now we began to pray for *Jerusalem*.

## X

### SAMUEL'S LETTERS AND ORDINATION

At the same time he was working real hard, and his faith was being tried on every line. It has been most interesting for me to watch him in his ups and downs, in his triumphs and victories in this gigantic relief work, through his correspondence with me. I would like to give to my readers a little idea of it by quoting from some of his letters, although it may be a shock to him, because he knows nothing at present of my writing these things about him in this book. And he would never expect me to make public what he confides to me in his letters, but I am sure I am led by the Lord to give at least a little hint of such a beautiful, Christlike life for the benefit of some half-hearted, unsanctified Christian young men and young women of his age, into whose hands this book may fall; because, as his closest relative, I can testify of him that he is worthy to be looked upon as "an example of the believers in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity" (1 Tim. 4:12).

On January 8, 1918, he wrote:

A letter from you assuring me of your earnest prayers in the cause, gives me joy and encouragement beyond expression. It is just like striking an oasis and a stream of clear, cold, bubbling water after a long journey through hot sands and stormy desert.

He wrote again, March 2d:

During these awful days I feel the pressure of the Evil One more and more, seeking always to devour and destroy. Let us pray one for another as we have never done before. The Lord knows that my life is His, and all I have and ever expect to



have has been laid upon the altar, so that what concerns me concerns first the great cause of the Lord in the salvation of the Mohammedans in Turkey.

He wrote again, March 18th:

I am now being kept quite busy by the branch committee here at Boise, Idaho. I have to speak every night, Sundays twice, and sometimes week days twice, so that I do not get time to write lengthy letters. Besides speaking, before and after every meeting I have to see different men and encourage local relief committee organizations to raise the portion of the thirty million dollars which the national committee is trying to raise in the United States on the basis of thirty cents per capita of the population. For the last few nights I have found time for only a few hours of sleep. Many times trains for the next town leave right after a meeting, so I have to travel sometimes the whole night to get to the next point of meeting. Many of the meetings have been in the theater buildings, and I miss the 'Amens' of the spiritual people; there is only the clap which is worldly and on the surface. Auntie, these days I need your especial prayers. All the time I am coming in contact with hard-hearted and hard-headed, worldly business men; it takes great grace sometimes to sit in the same room or speak with them, inhaling the smoke of cigars, cigarettes, or pipes.

At one time Mr. Potter, secretary of the Armenian relief committee, wrote Samuel:

You are moving so rapidly that I see I am failing to get mail to you. I am inclosing an outline of the West Montana districts. Would it be a safe plan for you to quietly visit the *important* county seats such as Fort Benton, Choteau, Townsend, White Sulphur Springs, Boulder, Anaconda, Deer Lodge, Phillipsburg, Dillon and Hamilton, with a view to securing county committees during the progress of the drive? I fear that the district committees will fail to do the work, and a trip back to Montana would not only be expensive but would take time which is of the utmost importance now.

In each of the above-mentioned places, as well as everywhere else, Samuel had to see the mayors, the bankers, and other prominent men of the towns and cities to secure county committees, organize local campaigns, and in other ways look after the relief work.

His audiences seemed to like him and to appreciate his lectures. They highly complimented him, as well as the committee for which he was working, by calling him "Doctor." This amused him much, as it did me, too, when I read his jocular remarks about it in his letters.

The report of a great mass meeting, in a certain large city, where there were some D. D.s and other big men from different parts of the country, and even from across the waters, said that Dr. S. C. Krikorian was the best orator. Some time afterward, in referring to it, he said:

Inclosed you will find a newspaper report of our meeting in the largest theater building in Boise, Idaho. As you will notice they have made me 'Doctor' since I have come here, and I am as yet perplexed which to accept, D.D. or LL.D. Regardless of what they have written about me, auntie, I am still the same old Samuel, just as much—if not more—in need of your prevailing prayers for me. The Lord is keeping me true and humble for Himself, and I shall always strive to be so. Only I feel the greater responsibility for our starving people, because of my usefulness and influence being on a larger scale than before. Remember me to all inquiring friends, and tell them I am daily living close to the Lord, and praising Him. Auntie, I am praying for you, and in return depending upon your pleading prayers for the Lord's blessing upon this work as well as myself.

I certainly prayed earnestly, with fastings, too, for God's help and blessing upon him and the work, and He graciously heard and answered, as was shown by Samuel's succeeding letters. He wrote me again in April:

Since March 12th I have been in southern Idaho. Spoke almost every night, and many days twice. Organized twelve counties, and now they are making a house to house drive in most of those places for Armenian sufferers. The Lord is intensely blessing our work, and underneath it all my prayers are that He keep me where I ought to be. In seventeen days I spoke twenty-one times to about ten thousand or more people, approximately.

I spoke Sunday evening at St. Anthony in one of the largest Mormon tabernacles. There were over a thousand people present, and I spoke about an hour and a half. Before the meeting they took me in an automobile, and a musical band of ten or twelve pieces followed our auto as we went to the tabernacle. They treated me as though I were President Wilson, and for blocks and blocks you could see people following the band to the meeting. In the large tabernacle, seating fifteen hundred people, there were about ten or twelve hundred people present. On the platform were five or six Mormon bishops, including the head bishop, and about eight or ten members of the County Council of Defense. A chorus of fifty people sang prior to my talk. They will raise \$3,900 for our work here. I am now accepted as a full-fledged D.D. These Mormon bishops, presidents, and elders are paying me the highest regard and honor possible, with the faint expectation of gaining and converting me into their church.

But none of such honors and pomps of the world attracted him in the least, for Samuel was after that "one thing needful" that Jesus spoke of; he "has chosen that good part" (Luke 10:42). He had been all this time thinking and praying about being ordained to the ministry of the gospel of Jesus Christ, and soon felt sure that this was the Lord's will for him, and that the time had come. So in the last District Assembly of the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene, at Poreland, Ore., he was ordained. On this occasion he wrote me:

My ordination took place on Sunday afternoon, June 9th, at 2 o'clock. There was a large crowd. The Assembly was held in the Methodist church, this being much larger than the Pentecostal Nazarene church. Right at the close of the ordination service General Superintendent Goodwin gave me a few minutes to testify. I gave very briefly my divine call, and our great desire (mentioning you first, especially) to go back to the homeland as missionaries of the cross to the Mohammedan Turks. Auntie, the Lord wonderfully answered our prayers. When I got through with my testimony there were hardly any dry eyes in the audience of about a thousand. I put the question to the Assembly of opening a mission work in Turkey, and they said, "Amen, we will." Dr. Reynolds, the President of our General Foreign Missionary Board, was there. I talked over the matter



REV. SAMUEL C. KRIKORIAN

briefly, and he gave encouragement and invited me to the Board meeting in October. I wish I had the means and could go and present this question to all the Assemblies of our Church throughout America. The Lord willing, I want to be in Kansas City in October and present the matter to the Board, and get their decision, then launch a campaign among our churches for fifty thousand dollars for our mission in Bible lands. Let us be much in prayer for the work. I feel, humanly speaking, it is a gigantic task, yet I believe it is the Lord's will, and I am sure according to our faith He will give us the victory. Let us, with perfect confidence and unity, work with one heart toward the great call and burden which He has so heavily laid upon our hearts. Since my ordination I feel the burden doubly heavy; the opportunities have been enlarged, hence the responsibility has so much more increased. I want to be true to my call and vision, and be zealous and "instant in season and out of season." To this end, auntie, I feel I need your prevailing prayers, more earnestly and humbly than ever before.

Previous to this he had already been writing to me of his very interesting visit to the Northwest Nazarene College, at Nampa, Idaho, where he spoke more than once. Its president, Rev. H. O. Wiley, was Samuel's own beloved president and one of his teachers here at Pasadena University when he was a student here. So Samuel had freely opened his heart to Dr. Wiley and told him of our desire to open a mission in Turkey under the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene, and to raise fifty thousand dollars for a home for the homeless children and old folks. Dr. Wiley was very much pleased with the proposition, and had said that he could not see why such a thing could not be accomplished, and the fifty thousand dollars easily raised. He was the one who advised Samuel, first of all, to go to the General Foreign Missionary Board meeting, in Kansas City in October, and make application for the opening of this mission in Jerusalem. Samuel began to write to me and ask me to join him in Kansas City for that meeting of the Board.

I was glad for the good news, but somehow or

other did not pay much attention to my being there, because it was a great distance from Pasadena, and the fares were now almost double on account of the war, and I had no money for it, and had my work and various duties right here. So I put away the letter, and did not think much about it for an hour or two. Just then, like a flash of light, it came to me, "Suppose it is the Lord speaking to you and calling you through this letter, what then?" I stopped and said, "If so, Lord, Thy will be done. I am ready to go, and Thou wilt provide the means. There is nothing too hard for Thee. The earth is Thine and the fullness thereof, and this cause is Thine, and Thou didst say, 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you' " (Matt. 6:33).

Then I wrote to Samuel that I was praying definitely about the matter, and with fastings as well, and that I was ready to be with him at Kansas City in October to present our application together at the Board meeting, if that was the will of the Lord. He was pleased with the news, and we began to pray about the matter every day in one united spirit.

## XI

### FAITH WITHOUT WORKS IS DEAD

The more I continued praying, fasting, and waiting on God the stronger my convictions began to grow that this thing was of the Lord, until at last there was not a shadow of doubt about it in my mind. Not only was I perfectly sure that it was the Lord's will for us to go to Kansas City for this matter, but I had almost perfect assurance of our case being accepted by the Board. Even more this thought came to me: It might be that the Board would send us right away to lecture in all our churches throughout the country to interest our people in opening this mission in Jerusalem, and to raise the fifty thousand dollars, and that I might never return to Pasadena. So I began to act accordingly, "For as the body without the spirit is dead, so faith without works is dead also" (James 2:26).

First of all, I thought of those thousands of Armenian and Jewish refugees that I have been reading about in the reports of the Armenian and Syrian Relief Committee and elsewhere, as pouring into Jerusalem naked, hungry, starving to death by hundreds every day, yes, *thousands* in the Lebanon district—especially the Armenians, of whom the world was not worthy, and who, for the last four years and more, have been wandering in deserts and in mountains and in dens and caves of the whole Turkish Empire (Heb. 11:38), so I felt that I must prepare clothing for them, and also as much as possible other household articles and furnishings for our expected mission headquarters in Jerusalem to take with us

when we go. Consequently, at my earliest opportunity, I flew to my upholstering places and the tent store and told them my story and asked them to save for me all the new and old pieces that they could ever afford. They did. At once my own old Dorcas Society, or rather "Creation," was revived more vigorously than ever before. Never had so many heavy bundles of dirty, filthy pieces entered my little apartment as did then from these stores. All this last summer I was everlastingly at it, in bringing them in, washing, cleaning, pressing, trimming, cutting into whatsoever article they could be best shaped, and then sewing them day and night. I had no time even to stop and count my finished pieces, "Because the King's business required haste" (1 Sam. 21:8).

As soon as they were done I would again press them nicely and pack them carefully into Samuel's large, new trunk that he had left here with me. Soon the trunk was full. Then I went and brought many paper boxes, as big as I could find, from the dry goods stores down town. And now, one after another, they, too, were packed full, and laid aside in every vacant space about the apartment, on shelves, under lounges, or anywhere.

No matter how busy I am in life I cannot afford to neglect the reading of my Bible and private devotions; neither could I do so during these last busiest summer months of mine, and yet from time to time I was condemned in my heart that on account of this rush I was not spending as much time as I would like to in quiet reading and meditating on the Word of God and waiting on Him. But, praise His name, there was "a way of escape" even from this kind of temptation (1 Cor. 10:13). At each mealtime my Bible, leaning against the wall, stood open on my table. And while my hands carried each morsel to my mouth for



the nourishing of my physical body, the Holy Spirit fed my soul with the bounties of heaven through the reading and meditating on God's Word, with my eyes on the Bible. Neither was it a strange thing for me to get up at 1 or 2 o'clock in the morning to arrange and prepare my sewing for the next day. Such was my love and zeal for my beloved, perishing people—something like Nehemiah's (chapter 4:23), only that I had no "brother" or "servants," nobody to help me in my work as he had in his. But, of course, the magnitude of his service for his people could not be compared with my insignificant service for my people. Yet mine was great for me. And I, too, like him, had to pray, "Think upon me, my God, for good, according to all that I have done for this people" (Neh. 5:19). And in putting away every finished article I had to praise the Lord Jesus, my Savior, with an overflowing heart that His most precious blood had washed away the greater dirt and filth of my soul, and fashioned it into its present blessed condition, just as He had enabled me to do with that piece of goods. "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father; to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen" (Rev. 1:5, 6).

I would also beseech Him, often with tears, that though these articles were nothing in themselves, nor were my labors on them worth anything, yet that He would graciously accept it all unto Himself as He did the "five barley loaves and two small fishes" of the lad (John 6:5-12), and that with His blessing and benediction on them He would turn them, and multiply them by His mysterious power, into the soul-saving, spiritual food for our enemies, our murderers, the Turks. It would seem to me from time to time that what I was thus doing corresponded with the "taking

away the stone" from the mouth of the cave, where the dead and stinking body of Lazarus lay, and I would pray with tears, "Lord Jesus, this is all I can do, the rest—the performance of the miracle of the raising of the fifty thousand dollars—belongs to Thee" (John 11: 38-44).

In this way I toiled on and on until at last the month of September approached, and the next month was *October*, and on the 16th day of it the General Foreign Missionary Board of the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene was going to meet in Kansas City. The time was short. There were some very important and perplexing problems yet to be solved. Some prayers to be answered, such as: Whence would come the money for my fare to Kansas City?"\* What must I do with my sweet little Reinway 27, the very first comfortable dwelling place I ever had in all my twenty-three years and more of pilgrimage in America? Was I to come back home from Kansas City or not? If not, I had to break up the home and give up my little apartment. Then what should I do with all these piles of finished and unfinished articles for our home and headquarters in Jerusalem? Ever so many such questions in my mind had yet to be answered.

I felt the need of some spiritual-minded friend or friends to stand with me in prevailing prayer and consultation. Who could be the one but Rev. Lucy P. Knott? How those early days of my first arrival in southern California flashed into my mind, when she had so kindly and nobly entertained me in her blessed home! How she had shown me her "Child's Letter to President Cleveland"! How we had prayed down the

\*I went down town one day and inquired the fare to Kansas City. At both the Santa Fe and the Southern Pacific offices I was informed that it was about seventy dollars (62.01 for the ticket, and \$6.33 for a tourist's berth). So much! And \$1.66, the balance of \$70, was not very much for the other expenses until I should reach Kansas City, was it?

blessings of heaven upon ourselves! And our wonderful meeting in her most spiritual church! And above all, it was *she herself* who had advised me then and there, five or six years ago, to request this General Foreign Missionary Board to open a mission in Turkey. Surely, she was the one to come to my help now.

I at once wrote her a letter concerning the matter, and begged her to come to me, and at the same time to see the "signs of my faith," meaning these articles for our home in Jerusalem.

At her earliest convenience Sister Knott came, bringing with her her son, Rev. James Proctor Knott, the very author of that most beautiful, cute, and sensible letter for a child of nine years to President Cleveland, but now a perfect young gentleman of refinement, education, culture, and above all an earnest, deeply spiritual young soldier of Jesus Christ, the active pastor of Emmanuel Church. Oh, how I covet him to be a missionary with us in Jerusalem! One of the deaconesses of their church also came with them.

I took them to my little parlor where some of my articles, or "signs of my faith" as I call them, for the Jerusalem mission were already displayed, and made ready for their inspection. They were surprised to see such a sight. After telling them my little story as to how and out of what they were made, I began to bring some of my boxes one after another from every corner and every niche about the house, and showed them the contents one by one, telling them at the same time that not one single stitch of even a basting was put in or taken out by other hands than my own. They were astonished at the endless varieties, great numbers, beautiful qualities, and durability of the goods they were made of, and the very artistic way they were made. "The skill! the labor! the patience! the

perseverance! and the eyesight! and yet so short a time to accomplish it all!" they exclaimed. And they repeatedly said that it was a miracle.

I myself also was very much astonished, for it was the very first time that I had ever seen so many of them together. And now I, too, began to think that really it was a miracle the Lord had performed through me: for as I displayed them, piece after piece, once in a while I would come across some article that I never remembered, and I said in my heart, "How strange! I don't remember that! I don't remember this!" I really had forgotten.

Brother Knott asked me how many the completed pieces were, and I told him, "I had no time to sit down and count them." He carefully looked all around the room, and turning to us, said he thought there must be as many as about five hundred pieces there; and yet there were many boxes untouched, because it was a Wednesday and they had to hurry back to Los Angeles for their prayer meeting that evening. But before they left we had a wonderful prayer meeting, during which they had a vision of this mission and the home in Jerusalem, as I really had had long ago. We shouted and cried and clapped our hands and praised the great God of heaven and earth, our own heavenly Father, who was going to bring to pass this thing. They all said to me "Go to Kansas City, the Lord is with you, and shall go before you, and give you the desire of your heart."

When they were leaving Sister Knott handed me one dollar, saying that she would give the very first dollar for our mission, or home, in Jerusalem. Brother Knott followed her, giving the second dollar, and Sister Coffman the third. I thought it was a significant number of dollars. Thus in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost the raising of the

fifty thousand dollars was already started then and there.

I was greatly encouraged with the visit, prayers, faith, and gifts of these dear saints.

Sister Knott said that she would telephone to Brother and Sister Cornell, my pastor and his wife, to come and look at these things and hear my story. "It may be," she said, "they will take one or two trunks full of these articles to keep for you in their home in your absence, when you go to Kansas City." Because we all thought that they were too valuable to be left here in a vacant house during my absence for an indefinite time. Some pieces among them we all thought would be worth twenty-five or thirty dollars, or even more. Sister Knott held one quilt in her hand, and said, "Why, not a king or a queen sleeps under a more beautiful quilt!" But I felt in my heart that the one which I had made of 179 pieces (I had written so in a piece of paper and pinned it on) was a better one than that.

After this, as well as before, a few other well-to-do friends and neighbors, getting intimation that I had these things, asked me to show them. I did so to a few. Almost everyone said, "Why don't you sell them? If you do, we will buy them, and you can send the money." And yet, two of such friends, when I showed them some of the old dirty pieces of which kind these beautiful articles which they so admired were made, they could not bear even to look at them. One said, "It makes me sick at my stomach," and the other looked the same. Even then they would gladly buy the articles if I were to sell them. But I would not be persuaded to sell. In the first place, instead of making the rich of this rich country richer, prouder, and more careless, I would much rather use these beautiful articles for the help of those poor, helpless, and grief-

stricken people of our own in Jerusalem, most of whom are really "living martyrs" of the Lord Jesus Christ. and let their broken and bleeding hearts be comforted, cheered, and rejoiced by seeing that some of their own nationality had thought of them in their great affliction, cared for them, wept and toiled for them, and prepared these beautiful things for their own use and comfort (Matt. 25:34-40; Luke 14:12-14).

In the second place, every one of these articles would constantly put me in remembrance of the many wonderful things the Lord had enabled me to do in this matter, and it would help me keep my own heart in increasing love and adoration to Him. Amen.

The very next day after Sister Knott and her company left me my beloved pastor, Brother Cornell, and his precious wife called. They, too, were in a great hurry on account of our great Sunday school rally which we were then going to have in the church, the First Pentecostal Nazarene Church of Pasadena. Therefore they could stay only a few minutes. They looked hurriedly at the things, and they, too, showed great interest. They said that they would keep two trunks full in their home for me when I went to Kansas City. That was a relief to me, and I felt very grateful to them. Right away I went down town and bought two beautiful large trunks from the Red Cross salvage at fifty cents each. They said that they would not sell them for less than four dollars each at the cheapest to other folks, but as I needed them for almost the same kind of work as they were doing, they would give them to me almost free. They did not charge anything either for transportation to my place.

I packed these trunks as closely as I could with those beautiful articles, and one of them, together with Samuel's trunk, was sent to Brother Cornell's. They are still there. The other trunk I decided to leave at

my place, together with many other bundles of the same kind of articles, both finished and unfinished, all wrapped up and well roped, ready to go to Jerusalem. I also decided to pack everything in the house likewise in bundles, and leave them there, so that in case I did not return from Kansas City they would be ready, and it would be easy for any of my friends here to receive my orders and forward them to me.

By this time we were in the month of October already, and I paid the full month's rent and was ready to go to Kansas City. "Through FAITH," which was *not* of myself, but "the gift of God" (Eph. 2:8), I did it all. Praise His name!

## XII

### MEETING THE BOARD IN KANSAS CITY

I believe the reader is rather anxious to know about my fare to Kansas City. Was that also provided? And if so, how? Yes, praise the Lord, that was also provided, and I shall tell you how.

Samuel was aware of this obstacle in the way of my going to Kansas City. He was working for the Armenian and Syrian Relief Committee—not for money, but to help his own suffering people. So all he was getting from the committee was enough only to cover his own personal expenses. But meantime he had been desiring to save a little money so that whenever the war would close and the way would open for us to have communication with our loved ones, if they were alive, he could send them relief. Surely they would be in dire need of it. So he was anxiously waiting for his one month's summer vacation, promised him by the committee for August, when he could go out and do any kind of manual work, in order to save a little money for his own suffering family. At the same time change of work would give him the rest which he badly needed. At last August came and he found work in a lumber yard in the suburbs of Spokane, Wash. He saved \$60, by working eight hours every day, and sent it to me, asking that I attend to this matter, and send it home as soon as an opportunity arose. The way in which I used to send relief home in the past had proved to be the safest one. I put the money in the bank and wrote to him that I would certainly do my best about it.



Meantime Samuel was longing to go back home and there pour out his very life for the salvation of the Turks as well as his own suffering and dying nation. I will quote some parts from his letters, written last September. On the fourth he wrote from Spokane, Wash.:

I am longing for that day when we can be back in the homeland and be there to pour out our lives in behalf of our own people, as well as the Turks, for the sake of Him whom we love and serve, and for whose return we are waiting daily. This world has lost all its charms for me, and I feel I would like to get into the thick of the fight as soon as the Lord opens the way.

In his letter of the 20th of September, while speaking again about his great desire to go home and suffer for Jesus' sake, he said:

Sometimes the burden comes so heavy that I have to actually come before the Lord and *weep* because of not being able to control my deep emotions and desires in that line. The Lord alone knows that the burdens are heavily resting upon my heart for the work in our homeland. The more I ponder over it the more I feel the stupendous task and my inability to cope with it efficiently, but thank God, auntie, He has promised to take us through. . . . I was glad to hear of the Lord's leading for you in regard to your being in Kansas City. I have always felt the great importance of the step, but left it to the Lord to show the way. . . . In case of the favorable decision of the Board for us I would say, so far as I know now, I would be perfectly willing to make the tour alone [he meant for the raising of the fifty thousand dollars for the Jerusalem work]. In fact, after all the traveling you have done in America in behalf of the cause, you are perfectly entitled to a long rest. If nothing new develops in the meeting in Kansas City, you do not need to break up your housekeeping.

Remember me to Brother Cornell and his people. God is wonderfully answering their prayers and is giving abundant success. Praise His name! Just two days ago our secretary received a check for \$4,156.87 from one of the sections where recently I spent a week of hard labor, giving my life nearly in behalf of those starving little children of our people.

In regard to the fifty thousand dollars that by God's help

I raised for our relief committee, you may assuredly tell of that amount, because it has been even more than that. I do not say it in a proud spirit, but that you and all the praying friends may be encouraged to pray more for the work of the Lord and His weak servant.

If you wish, you may use that \$60 of mine for your car fare and other expenses to Kansas City. I wish I could do more, but am unable at present.

Do you not think my nephew has an admirable spirit of unselfishness and self-sacrifice? Think of it! To give me that \$60 for my carfare to Kansas City, which he had saved with such hardships when he had intended it for his own suffering (perhaps starving) father, mother, brothers, and sister, whom he loves most dearly! He had done what he could (Mark 14:8), and I accepted it most gratefully; and yet he did not know that I would need about \$10 more than that for the trip. I never said one word to any human being about this lack but to God. Just in those very days the Lord sent some rain in this part of the country. A well-to-do friend here in Pasadena made a vow to the Lord that if He spared his vineyard in Fresno from harm he would give \$10 to Miss Krikorian. Other people's vineyards in the same neighborhood were harmed and their grapes spoiled, and they lost thousands of dollars, but this friend's vineyard was not touched. He told me this, and gave the \$10 to me. Now my \$70 was completed. I took the money, bought my ticket and berth, and left Pasadena on October 9th, and arrived in Kansas City about 5:30 P. M. on the 12th, giving plenty of time to rest and become acquainted with different members of the Board and to interest them in our cause. Samuel arrived about thirty hours later.

We were royally entertained by the Board. The first thing we had to do was to come together in my room to pray according to Matthew 18:19, "Again I

say unto you, That if two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven." I wish I were able to write and explain this hour or two that we were on our knees there, but I can not. The tears that we shed at the feet of Jesus; the victory that we had in our souls; the assurance that we would be accepted by the Board; numberless multitudes of souls that were going to be saved and put as trophies at Jesus' feet through this prospective mission in Jerusalem and in many other quarters in Palestine, Syria, Asia Minor, Armenia—yea, all over Turkey! I can only say that it was a Holy Ghost prayer meeting, because as one has said, there is "sweep and swing in such prayers like the sweep of mighty oceans. They will tower into the skies like the summits of the highest mountains. They will be as big as the purposes of God; as broad as human need; as boundless as the promises of God; and as vast as the energies of the Holy Ghost. They will be like oceans touching every shore of human need, and believing in all the possibilities of divine grace."

We already had invitations from the officers of the Board to be present at their opening session on the morrow, the 16th, in the Publishing House. We went, and were there in attendance for several hours. We were charmed with the love, unity and loyalty of this group of most saintly men of God. The chairman, Rev. H. F. Reynolds, D.D., at the end of the morning session, announced that they would devote the 10 o'clock hour of the next morning to hearing us on our application to the Board concerning the start of a mission in Jerusalem.

The next morning we were there, ready long before the appointed time. When the hour struck, Dr. Reynolds called Samuel forward to speak to the Board

and present the cause. He had a beautiful map of our country. He pinned it on the big map of the world on the wall and in an intelligent way began to describe the geographical aspect of the country, the different nationalities of its population; their statistics, different kinds of religions, especially the Mohammedanism, with which the whole country is filled. He set forth the great need and importance of starting this kind of a mission over there, namely, a holiness mission. And, last of all, he told in brief of his call of God to this field, his restless nights, and his tears for these people. Before he sat down he said that if they had any questions in their minds to ask he would answer them as far as he was able to do so. Some questions were asked regarding the different languages of the country, the salary required for the missionaries, facilities for renting quarters in Jerusalem, rates, and so forth. Some of these questions could not be satisfactorily answered, on account of the great change, poverty, and devastation that our country has undergone since we left our home. But Samuel suggested that if they decided to open this mission at Jerusalem, it would be wise to buy a place rather than rent, because many nationalities, especially the Jews themselves, were already flocking to Jerusalem in great numbers; consequently the rents would go higher and higher all the time. They thought it was a wise suggestion. Neither could we tell what the ground would cost now in Jerusalem. Therefore some suggestions were made that one or two men should go to Jerusalem to investigate all these doubtful problems, choose the ground, and thus found the work on a strong and wise foundation.

It was asked if Samuel himself could go. He said he would love to do so, but that he was very much needed by the relief committee at present, that he had only been granted one day for this board meeting, and

he must wire the committee that afternoon explaining the cause of the delay. Then he sat down, and Dr. Reynolds called on me to say a few words. I told in a few words about my calling of God for this particular field; my tears, and restless nights and days; my prayers, especially at Spurgeon's Tabernacle door more than a quarter of a century ago for these Christless Turks; my patience—or impatience—all these years, quoting Jeremiah 20:8, 9. Then I read the forty-seventh Psalm, which I had studied only a short time before in my room at the hotel, because I had been reading lately the Book of Psalms in my private devotions, and that particular portion happened to be my place that very morning. I thought it was a most appropriate portion in the Word of God to be repeated on such an occasion, while I was trying to show my faith in God for the accomplishment of this desire of our hearts, and our joy and rejoicing in believing. I sat down with these last words in my mouth, "I know it shall come to pass."

As soon as I sat down Rev. Tom M. Brown, one of the members of the Board, started, "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name." After singing, Dr. Reynolds, the chairman, stated that the matter was open for discussion. Brother J. W. Goodwin, General Superintendent, sprang to his feet and with great earnestness said, "My heart is beating fast. I can discuss *other* matters at *other* places, but *here* I want to move that we should vote on this matter." Brother Brown looked at his face, and said, "You are on fire!" Brother Goodwin answered, "More than fire, I am boiling over." The chairman said, "Are there any remarks?" As none desired to speak, he said, "We will all rise to our feet and vote." Every member of the Board was on his feet. Once more the chairman spoke, "Let all the guests also rise to their feet and give their votes

for this mission in Jerusalem." Brother and Sister Roy G. Coddington, returned missionaries from India; Miss Marion C. Benton, prospective missionary to Japan; some of the workers at the Publishing House, and some friends resident in the city were also in the room. All of them, with Samuel and myself, jumped to their feet.

Seeing in all this "What hath God wrought," (Numbers 23:23), I could not help starting, "Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow," which we sang heartily. Then Dr. Reynolds, the chairman of the Board, went up to the large map of the world on the wall and pinned a red ribbon bow on Jerusalem and announced that Palestine was now their prospective mission field. On this map every country where they have missions and missionaries is indicated by a little bow of red and white silk ribbon.

Samuel and I could not longer control ourselves, and in great joy we left the room. We walked all the way from the Publishing House down to our hotel, at Ninth and McGee streets, which is quite a long distance, but we never thought of it. We felt as if we were walking in the air. When we reached our hotel we again went to my room, and once more we threw ourselves at the feet of Jesus there. I read Isaiah 64:4, "For since the beginning of the world men have not heard, nor perceived by the ear, neither hath the eye seen, O God, beside thee, what he hath prepared for him that waiteth for him." Samuel burst into tears and began to pray first, "O Lord, we do not know where we are, in heaven or on earth! We feel as if we can not contain ourselves, we are so glad! We do not know whether we should sit down or rise up, whether to shout or clap, be silent or talk or walk! We don't know what to do with ourselves, Lord! We feel relieved this morning from a great burden, and

yet a greater one, at the same time, is laid upon us—the salvation of thousands of souls is put into our charge.” And thus we continued in prayer and thanksgiving for some time.

The next day we were told by different members of the Board that they had appointed both Samuel and me as their prospective missionaries to Jerusalem, and a plan of deputation work was going to be prepared for us, to begin about the first of the coming year, to raise money for the work in Jerusalem. Also that the Board had appropriated \$5,000 to start the work in Jerusalem. We felt we had no words strong enough to express our gratitude to our God and to our Board.

That night Dr. Reynolds, President of the Board and General Superintendent of Missions, informed us officially of the action the Board had taken in our matter: about our being recognized as their prospective missionaries; the deputation work to be arranged for; and the \$5,000 already appropriated for the work in Jerusalem. When he spoke of this last good news, the \$5,000, I told him that we were praying for fifty thousand dollars for our work in Jerusalem. He said, “Amen. Go ahead!” Then he asked me how I lived, if I had money of my own, or any income. I told him that I had none, but that I was trusting the Lord for all the necessities of my life.

Then there was a talk about publishing some kind of a sketch of our lives, Samuel’s and mine. Dr. Reynolds thought it would be advisable and helpful to the cause, and asked us to write it. Samuel, being too busy, could not promise to undertake the matter, so the preparation of this sketch fell to me. Finally Dr. Reynolds offered a beautiful prayer, and we all committed each other to God and separated.

Previous to this Samuel and I had been talking

about my going back to Pasadena until the deputation work would be arranged for us, but we could not solve one serious question concerning the matter: How was I to return there? Where was the money for my fare? But without any care or anxiety in the least, we had left the matter with the Lord. Saturday morning, October 19th, came, and behold our precious Brother Fred H. Mendell came to me with the good news that Brother Anderson, the treasurer of the Board, had given him \$50 to buy a ticket for me at clergyman's rates, to go back to Pasadena, and that he wanted me to go with him and secure the ticket. Now what do you think of that? Wonderful care and providence of God! After all the Board had done for us in entertaining us in the hotel for nearly a week I could never dream of such further kindness from them!

We went together with Brother Mendell twice that morning and afternoon to see about the ticket, and succeeded in getting one for \$49.98. I thanked Brother Mendell repeatedly for his kind help to me. Each time he assured me in his own peculiar and cheerful manner and readiness to help, that it was a great pleasure for him to do all in his power for the cause of Christ. Exactly one month after this, and after writing my book thus far, I hear the shocking news of his death from influenza. But, thank God, he was ready for the unexpected call. "Therefore be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh."

Samuel left Kansas City for his urgent work of raising relief funds for the Armenian and Syrian Relief Committee. The following Monday, October 21st, I left Kansas City and was back in Pasadena on the 24th, at 8 a. m., triumphant in the Lord.

Soon after my return to Pasadena, I began to write the first edition of this book—the sketch of both



our lives, Samuel's and mine—not to interest my readers in me or in my nephew so much, but in the work of the Lord in JERUSALEM, the most wonderful religious shrine and center of the world, to which people from every part of the earth will come to worship God with wonderful delight and exalt the name of His Christ (Isa. 56:7; Phil. 2:9-11, Millennium), the place chosen of God to put His name there forever (1 Kings 9:3; 14:21, and Jer. 33:9. Read the whole chapter), the most beloved city in the world, in that land which God himself loves more than any other spot in this world (Deut. 11:12), the city that Jesus loved unto tears (Luke 19:41-42; Matt. 23:37), the city where He walked and talked and taught, the city that He wept and prayed and prevailed for; the city where He suffered, bled and died for you and for me! Yes, JERUSALEM! "THE CITY OF GOD!"

It is high time for the people of God to think and pray and do all in our power for the evangelization of this city and the whole land of Palestine, "The Holy Land." (See Psalm 102:13-16, 21). If you belong to Christ and love "to make mention of the Lord," He commands you, "Keep not silence, and give him no rest, till he establish, and till he make Jerusalem a praise in the earth, and be a watchman upon the walls of Jerusalem, and never hold your peace day nor night till He do it." (Isaiah 62:6, 7). "Pray for the peace of Jerusalem; they shall prosper that love thee." (Psalm 122:6). Just think of it, that to pray for the peace of Jerusalem, and to love her, is put down by God himself as a condition for your prosperity in this life! There is a great deal in that. Furthermore, He said of the *people* of Jerusalem, or the seed of Abraham, "Cursed be every one that curseth thee, and blessed be he that blesseth thee. I will bless them that bless thee, and curse him that curseth thee."

### XIII

#### AN APPEAL

Therefore, what we have undertaken is a tremendous task, and we can not accomplish it without your help and co-operation. Help first by your definite, earnest, constant and prevailing prayers. If such prayers of the giver follow the gift, a thousand times more work will be accomplished for God. As one has said, "Prayer that touches God is a mighty force, and reaches every soul for whom it is made, and produces an effect equal to the faith and love and desire of the sender backed up by the omnipotence of God." Then help us with your means. We are called to go; you are called to help us go. The very fact that we have no money to go and accomplish what the Lord has put so heavily upon our hearts to do is evidence that He has called you to give, just as much as He has called us to go. If you will not give, we can not go; and if we can not go, many precious souls whom Jesus died to save can not be saved, and their blood will be required at your hands at the judgment day. You can not escape it. God says so. (See Ezek. 3:17-21; Prov. 24:11,12). It is a fearful thing for a child of God to disobey Him!

We are called to go to the Jews as well as to the Turks and to the Armenians in Jerusalem, in Palestine—yes, in the whole of the Turkish Empire, and our hearts are longing to be there as soon as possible to be engaged in the work of saving souls of all these nationalities, and to *die* for them if need be. Which is the more valuable anyhow, *our lives* or *your means*?

(Prov. 23:5; 1 Tim. 6:6-10; 1 Cor. 7:29-31; 2 Kings 5:26). God help us!

As to the *Jews*, the seed of God's "friend" (2 Chron. 20:7; Isa. 41:8; James 2:23), we want to go and preach to them *their own Messiah*, and tell them that "through *this man*" *only* they can obtain the forgiveness of sins. "And by him all that believe are justified from all things from which they could not be justified by the law of Moses." (Acts. 13:38, 39). To preach to them their own long-expected Messiah is not only a solemn duty laid upon us by God himself (see Rom. 11:31), but we should rather call it a great privilege, because they are spiritually blinded for our sakes. Read, please, the eleventh chapter of Romans, especially verses 7-12, 15, 23-32. And what a wonderful blessing it will be for us to have a share in their conversion, which will be "life from the dead" to our whole human race (Rom. 11:15; Gen. 22:18), as well as the grandest earthly exaltation and glory to them, according to the prophecies. Please read Ezekiel, chapter thirty-seven. The "noise," the "shaking," and "the bones coming together, bone to his bone," is already in progress. Within the last forty years the Jewish national movement has come into being as a living thing, and is active specially in Palestine. Tens of thousands of Jews from various parts of the world have gathered to the Holy Land and are becoming assimilated, or, as the Bible puts it, their "graves" ("nations where they dwell"—C. I. Scofield) are being opened, and they are being caused to come up out of their graves, and are brought into the land of Israel (Ezek. 37:12, 13), or as Jesus says, the fig tree is shooting forth, and the summer is nigh at hand (Luke 21:29, 30).

As to the *Turks*, our enemies, our murderers, we want to go and be useful to them, and secure their

salvation by doing all in our power to show them that Christianity is even more than suffering martyrdom, it is forgiving our enemies and laboring for the salvation of their souls. Yes, we want to go to the Mohammedan Turks with divine love of our heavenly Father, and heap coals of fire on their heads, not to burn them with hellish torments, but to melt their stony hearts with warmth of grace and repentance. They thus shall know that the sign of the cross which they make with axes on the skulls of their victims is the password of infinite love, and the only remedy for the sins of the nations; for we Armenians feel that nothing will adequately atone for our unparalleled loss except that the blessing of Christianity be extended to the Turks. Yes! the blood of our martyrs must be the seed of the Church among our murderers.

Listen to what that dear nephew of mine wrote to me on this same subject on hearing of the surrender of the Turks in this war. Every evidence is here that this precious child of ours is going to take his grandfather's place. Praise God for that!

My dear Auntie: My heart jumps within me with exultant joy when I think over the surrender of the Turkish Empire and the opening up of the channels of communication. It seems hardly believable—in fact “too good to be true”—that after nearly five years of interruption we are again to receive the joys of communicating with our surviving loved ones as well as to receive the sorrowful news of those who have been translated from this world of grief and pain to that heavenly home above. These mixed feelings so overcome me sometimes that I can not refrain from tears. My prayers before the Lord in these days is that for *every one* of our loved ones martyred or starved by the Turks the Lord may give us *one thousand Turkish Mohammedans for Him* as our revenge in this world.

Does not this remind you of the prayer of the bleeding and dying Son of God, “Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do”? Samuel continues:

The Lord is working marvelously in His providences these days. I am praying and believing for mighty accomplishments

in His behalf. He is wonderfully helping me in answer to your interceding, motherly prayers. Let us pray much one for another as well as for the stupendous work the Lord has laid upon our shoulders. Since coming from Kansas City, especially, I am realizing more and more that I must have my victories *first on my knees*.

Yes, the pitiful condition of the Turks *was* and is *now* a burning fire shut up in our bones, and we are weary with forbearing; we can no longer stay (Jer. 20:8, 9). Think, then, about the Turks, O ye friends of the suffering Armenians! *Love them*, the severest enemies of Christianity! *Pray for them* that their eyes may be opened! Take them into the scope of your foreign missionary work! The most needy field on the face of the earth for missionary effort, in the broadest meaning of the word, is this Turkish nation.

I know the task is hard, but it is not impossible, for "the things that are impossible with men, are possible with God" (Luke 18:27).

As to our own bleeding and dying remnant, the *living martyrs* of Armenia, we want to go and tell them that, "If we suffer, we shall also reign with him" (1 Tim. 2:12; Rev. 3:21), and thus comfort and help them to stand firm in their faith in Jesus, endure their inconceivable persecutions and horrors for His precious name's sake (Matt. 5:10-12; 24:13), and be faithful unto death, so that they shall not lose the crown of life at last (Rev. 2:10).

Meanwhile we want to take into our prospective home in Jerusalem at least some of the blind and helpless orphan children of those brave martyrs. The following incident, entitled, "Lest We Forget: The Church in the Wilderness," by Rev. George T. Scott, is taken from *Men and Missions* for January, 1919:

One of the most stirring and significant incidents reported by the women missionaries who returned recently from service among the suffering Christians of the Turkish Empire is the

willing martyrdom of a congregation of deported Armenians in the desert east of the Jordan river.

The farther reaches southward of the tide of deportation from Asia Minor carried some of its human flotsam far down into the Syrian desert, eastward from Jerusalem. Here the cruel migration of one suffering group of Armenians ceased. Worn, diseased, bereft, starving, they organized a church and conducted Christian services. This fact would never have been known had not this congregation in its extremity sent a delegation to the Church in Jerusalem. There, at the headquarters of the Christian and Missionary Alliance' Mission, arrived the delegates of the Church in the Wilderness, stating their mission in some such terms as these: "Our Armenian congregation in the desert east of the Jordan sends greetings to the Church in Jerusalem. We beg your advice as to what shall be our choice in the alternative which we have of denying our Christ by becoming Moslems or of starving to death. As the Church in Jerusalem decides, the Church in the Wilderness will do."

The missionaries in Jerusalem had neither funds nor food for relief, and after earnest prayer gave to the delegation to take back to the desert congregation this message: "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the crown of life." Back to their people the delegation took the message, and the Church in the Wilderness (probably the same wilderness where our Master met His temptation) remained "faithful unto death."

Needless to say, many of these faithful ones received the promised "crown of life" through martyrdom.

Listen to some particulars of the tortures that many of the Armenians underwent for Jesus' sake. First of all, the Turks gave them hundreds—yes, *thousands*—of lashes, then they put out their eyes, and in this miserable condition led them around the city and took them again to their prison. Their mustache and beards were so pitilessly plucked out that when they were shown to their life-long friends they could not be recognized. There was no limit to the flogging they endured. The tormentors crushed their hands and feet in the press and pulled out their nails with pincers, and seared the wounds with hot irons until they went mad. They pierced their faces with needles, and put salt on the wounds. They forced them to take



Massacre of Armenians Near St. Sophia, Constantinople (Sketched by an Eyewitness).

eggs out of boiling water, and hold them under their armpits until they cooled. They hung them head downward from the roof, beating them all day long. They forced them to stand up for a week or longer in drains. They held the soles of their feet before open fires until their flesh dropped off. They pulled out their tongues and thrust red-hot irons into their eyes, and if they were not dead by this time they hacked them into pieces with knives, or hung them by the sensitive parts of their bodies until they died in unspeakable agony, and yet these Armenians would not deny Christ with one single word or one little act, as lifting one finger in token of denying Him.

Innocent little babies and children were torn asunder or sold for a few cents in auctions, and those of them who cried at such times were dashed on the ground and cut into pieces with the swords of their murderers, saying, "They are not worth a cent!" or their brains were beaten out on rocks and stones. Many of them were tied together to form a line, and a bloody Turkish soldier stood at the end of the line and tried to see how many he could kill by firing one single shot. They did the same with our feeble, helpless old folks, too—our fathers, mothers, grandfathers, and grandmothers. Other babies were torn from the embrace of their loving mothers and cut to pieces before their eyes, and actually boiled in iron vessels, and then the mothers were forced to eat of them, until finally they became raving maniacs through grief and horror. Others were dashed to the ground in the presence of their distracted and dishonored mothers, then ripped open and their little hearts were taken out and thrust by these fiendish murderers into the jaws of their mothers, who were forced to eat the hearts of the children of their own bosom. Pregnant women were hung up by their arms and beaten for hours until they died, or ripped open and their babes thrown into the air



and caught upon the points of spears. In their deportation they were clubbed and beaten and lashed as though they had been wild beasts, until they gave birth to their babes, or they were left behind on the roadside to suffer and die without help.

Modesty will not permit me to tell you what torments our beautiful virgins and young married women—the struggling victims in the hands of these incarnated demons—have suffered and are now suffering night and day. I dare not dwell on the unprecedented, inconceivable sufferings of my precious people. It would freeze one's blood in his veins!

But I want to ask you, Are not the children of such martyrs, and such living martyrs, worthy to be fed and clothed and sheltered and educated? For such and similar helpless old folks we want the fifty thousand dollars to found a home in Jerusalem.

Not only for the founding of this home do we need money, but also, after this is accomplished, we shall need help continually for the support of its inmates. Is this unreasonable? It is after the manner of Jesus himself, who said of His weary and hungry followers, "I have compassion on the multitude, because they continue with me now three days and have nothing to eat" (Matt. 14:15-21; 15:32-36). And He fed them.

Now let us compare the condition of these two kinds of followers of Jesus Christ—the one class nearly two thousand years ago, as we read in the above-mentioned passages, and the other, the Armenian refugees at this present time in that self-same, blessed city of Jerusalem—and see which class is more pitiable and consequently worthy of more and immediate help. I will show the condition of the latter class by quoting some of the latest reports from the *News Bulletin* of the American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief, by some of their workers in Jerusalem.

## IN JERUSALEM WITH THE TWENTIETH CENTURY CRUSADERS

The last fortnight has been an exceptional one—six thousand refugees from Es Salt came pouring into Jerusalem in the course of a few days. We had already two or three thousand from the northern villages, so you can imagine the congestion everywhere. The people fled for their lives from the Turks, a few bringing away their goats and tents. There are amongst them about seventeen hundred Armenians, exiles from Marash, Adana, Aintab, Kessab, and other towns, and a more pitiful sight I never saw. They have been wandering for three years, and have scarcely a rag to cover them. They are clothed in old sacks, bits of tents, everything in fact, but chiefly in fresh air with margins and trimmings of rags! The children, of course, have entirely outgrown what they started with. A boy of twelve came in with nothing on him but a tiny shirt, which did not nearly cover his body. The clothes made at the workroom melt away like snow, when we have to clothe people in such need, and I am afraid we have only material enough for another week, unless some arrives in the meantime. Cotton thread is one of our most urgent needs. We have bought nearly all there is in Jerusalem. Material is useless without the thread to sew it.

. . . According to the last report, in less than two weeks 2,417 garments have been given out where the need was most pressing. One thousand four hundred and sixty-one blankets were distributed, and still some have had to go almost naked.

. . . But the grateful and enterprising spirit of the refugees makes it all worth while. . . . These destitute mothers, most of whom have been widowed through Turkish cruelty, are only too glad to work. But already more than a thousand applicants have had to be turned away from the committee's workroom on account of the lack of space and raw materials. If only we had the material, it would be such a mercy if we could open a refugee workroom where hundreds of refugee women and girls could make up garments. . . . There is a never-ending line of visitors at my door, refugee women begging for work with which to earn their daily bread.

Little Shushan's father was brutally murdered by Turks. Her mother, driven with a frantic multitude toward the desert, saw an American friend by the roadside and pressed Shushan into his arms while she went on the "death journey." The child was taken to a relief station, where a great throng soon gathered. Food supplies were low and room limited. Hundreds had to be turned away. It was later discovered that Shushan was among the number. She is supposed to have died of star-

vation and exposure. There are thousands as sweet as she depending upon America for food.



SHUSHIAN

One day a small boy, painfully emaciated, his garments in tatters, arrived at a relief station dragging a little girl almost as large as himself.

"Mother said take care of her," was all he could say. An hour later his brave spirit found rest. Upon investigation it was found that he had been deported from an Armenian village with his mother, a baby brother, and little sister. Before many days the baby died. Finally the weakened mother could go no farther. Before she passed away she had told her son to take care of his little sister and conduct her to the relief station. Thirty miles the brave lad traveled, carrying his sister as long as his strength permitted. He gave her the last of the food and left her in safety before death overtook him."

The following "Plea for Dying Armenians" is taken from the Literary Digest:

A-R-M-E-N-I-A spells TRAGEDY, no less in life than in death. More than one million Armenians and Syrians in Turkey and western Asia have perished during the last two years from exposure, starvation, disease, heartless deportation, and cruel massacre. These are past their sufferings and are beyond our help. There are still two and one-half million of homeless and destitute people in Armenia and Syria who are experiencing a living death, who are enduring the horrors of hunger, the tortures of gnawing want, nay, even the loss of reason itself through sufferings that have become too terrible to bear.

Give now, give today, and there will be childish lips in Armenia who will pray for you, there will be mother hearts who will bless you, there will be men who will remember your act of brotherhood and humanity to the end of their days. Help feed these people. Help bind up their wounds. It is little to do and the reward is great and sure.

## PROCLAMATION BY PRESIDENT WILSON

For more than three years American philanthropy has been a large factor in keeping alive Armenian, Syrian, Greek, and other exiles and refugees of western Asia.

On two former occasions I have appealed to the American people in behalf of these homeless sufferers, whom the vicissitudes of war and massacres had brought to the extremest need.

The response has been most generous, but now the period of rehabilitation is at hand. Vastly larger sums will be required to restore these once prosperous, but now impoverished, refugees to their former homes than were required merely to sustain life in their desert exile.



No Food, No Shelter

It is estimated that about four million Armenian, Syrian, Greek, and other war sufferers in the Near East will require outside help to sustain them through the winter. Many of them are now hundreds of miles from their homeland. The vast majority of them are helpless women and children, including 400,000 orphans.

The American Committee for Relief in the Near East is appealing for a minimum of \$30,000,000 to be subscribed January 12-19, with which to meet the most urgent needs of these people.

I therefore again call upon the people of the United States to make even more generous contributions than they have made heretofore to sustain through the winter months those who, through no fault of their own, have been left in a starving, shelterless condition, and to help re-establish these ancient and sorely oppressed people in their former homes on a self-supporting basis.

(Signed) WOODROW WILSON.

The White House, November 29, 1918.

Is not God speaking to your heart, dear friend, whoever you may be, as you read these lines, to help us, perhaps with your money hoarded in the banks? If you do not obey His voice, what will become of you and of your money at the last?

These are the last days, "perilous times," of 2 Timothy 3:1-5, "the beginning of sorrows" (Matt. 24:6-8). No matter how the nations of the earth are trying to make peace, they will never be able to make permanent peace. All the peace they are going to bring to our world is already predicted in the immutable Word of God. "For when they shall say, "Peace and safety; then sudden destruction cometh upon them, as travail upon a woman with child; and they shall not escape" (1 Thess. 5:3).

According to the words of Jesus in Matthew 24:6-8, the end of the age is marked by wars, famines, and pestilence, which He said are "the beginning of sorrows," and which are already here and will soon deepen into the great tribulation. Meantime He himself will come. "For yet a little while, and he that shall come will come, and will not tarry" (Heb. 10:37). Therefore He may come any hour to take His own to Himself (1 Thess. 4:16-18). If you belong to Him, He will take you up also to meet Him in the air and to be with Him forever, then you will be ashamed in His presence and all your wealth, to which you may be clinging so earnestly now, will be left behind in this world for the Devil to possess and to use for the torment of those—perhaps some of your own loved ones as well—who will be left behind (Rev. 9:1-12). Therefore do all the good you can with it now, "while it is day; the night cometh, when no man can work" (John 9:4).

Finally, our chief aim in opening this mission in Jerusalem is *evangelistic*. Yes, our one supreme object in this undertaking is the *salvation* and *sanctification* of souls. We are not afraid to ask and expect *great* things from our great God. You remember what my nephew said in his letter quoted last, that he is "praying that for *every one* of our loved ones, martyred

or starved by the Turks, the Lord may give us *one thousand Turkish Mohammedans for Him* as our revenge in this world." The same thing has been the deepest desire and most earnest prayer of my own heart for more than a quarter of a century, as the reader already remembers it in my life story from my youth in this book. This will mean for us to open mission stations at other points in Palestine, and in other parts of the Turkish Empire, for which also we need money. But I do not believe in coaxing and urging and begging anybody to give for God, "for God loveth a cheerful giver" (2 Cor. 9:7). Only be extremely careful, my friend, lest God may have to say to you, "Thou fool," in this matter of giving for Him, as once He did to a man, and killed him that very night (Luke 12:16-21).

On the other hand, if you consider it a great privilege to give to this most worthy cause of Christ in the *Holy Land* and thus be "rich toward God," laying up treasures in heaven (Matt. 6:19-21), send your gifts of love, please, to the Treasurer of our General Foreign Missionary Board, Rev. E. G. Anderson, 2109 Troost avenue, Kansas City, Mo. He is a most noble and devout man of God, as are also all the other members of the Board.

I would like to extend this privilege of helping our work in Jerusalem not only to the members of our Pentecostal Nazarene churches, but also to every child of God in any other denomination, because it is the cause of *Christ*, not ours, in the first place. So please read this book through, and read it again—because to understand a book well one must read it more than once—and then ask the Lord, "What wilt Thou have me do for this dear people who are suffering and dying for Thy name's sake?" After doing whatsoever He says unto you to do (John 2:5; 1 Sam. 15:22), lend

or pass on this book to your friends and neighbors, and interest them also in this good cause.

If you will take time to open and read and deeply meditate on the following passages, in connection with this matter your heart will be glad and you will unite and labor with us in this work of God: Psalm 41:1-3; Proverbs 19:17; Matthew 25:34-36; Luke 14:13, 14; Acts 20:35; James 1:27; 2:15, 16; 1 John 3:16-18.

You may be poor, and may be sighing as you read these lines, saying that if you only had the means, how glad you would be to help us. If so, I will show you a most *successful* and *sure* way of getting money, quickly, too.

Do you give your tithes to the Lord? If not, most probably that very same thing is the cause of your poverty. Suppose you begin it right away. Go into a partnership with God. Take a strict account of *every* dollar and *every* cent you possess in this world and give one-tenth of it *all* for this work of the Lord in Jerusalem, or anywhere or any cause of Christ that He wants you to help, and continue doing so with a glad heart (2 Cor. 9:6), making it an unbreakable rule of your life, and see what will happen. Listen to God's challenge to you. "Bring ye *all* the tithes into the store house, that there may be meat in mine house, and *prove me* now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it." Read on, please, to the end of the twelfth verse of this third chapter of Malachi. Just test Him then! Try God! "*Prove me*," He says. *Do it!* Will you? And you will soon declare in "the words of Jesus, how he said, It is more blessed to give than to receive."

I have often felt that my tithing habit, or giving to the Lord what is His very own, has much to do with

the blessed condition I am in, temporally and spiritually.

On the contrary, if we do not give God what belongs to Him, we shall be *robbing* Him, and then His anger and His curse will rest upon us and ours. See the eighth and ninth verses of the same passage (Malachi 3). Do you know why? Because *every* good gift and *every* perfect gift is from above, and "cometh down from the Father of lights" (James 1:17). Your life, your wife, your children, your health, your wealth, your strength, your income—every good thing we possess in this life comes to us from Him. Even every breath we take in and give out is by His will and mercy to us; and He, by claiming only ten cents out of each dollar He enables us to earn, wants us to acknowledge His kindness and goodness to us, and thank Him for it all so that in return He may continue to bless us more and more, and meantime His cause may prosper and progress. Thus tithing seems a universal law of God which EVERY ONE, saint and sinner, must know and obey. *Then* come our *gifts and offerings* to God in which we are comparatively free. And our freedom is "the love of Christ constraining us," not to give *one-tenth* of our income, but *ten-tenths*, plus all that we are, and all that we expect to be and to have, most gladly laying it all at His blessed feet, whose grace we know that, though He was rich, yet for our sakes He became poor, that we through His poverty might be rich. Thus we shall not henceforth live unto ourselves, but unto Him who died for us and rose again. Amen.

I might just as well reveal right here another secret of my life. This time, concerning my financial affairs. All the money that I could ever save during these many years of my pilgrimage in America (which will be just a quarter of a century on the 13th day



of August, 1920) was one thousand dollars, and every cent of it I had earned by the sweat of my brow; and as I never in all my life meant to lay up any treasure whatever down here on earth (Matt. 6:19-21), I had saved it purposely for the cause of Christ and thus dedicated it to the Lord. I did not know, however, for what particular object He would want me to have it used in the future. Several years ago, on coming to California, I put this money in the Union National Bank of Pasadena. When Samuel came to California in 1914 and united with me in faith and we both trusted in the Lord together for all the necessities of our life, it happened more than once that our faith was sorely tried. One day we had nothing in the house to eat, nor was there a cent left to buy anything from the outside. Starvation almost stared us in the face. I thought of the thousand dollars in the bank and said to myself, "I can surely borrow a few dollars from that money and let these dark days pass, and as the Lord remembers us in His mercy and sends us money later on, I can pay it back to Him." So I took my bank book and my pen in hand to write a check and draw five dollars from it. But something happened to me. I could not touch my pen to my bank book. I felt as if I were robbing the Lord in so doing. I took away the book and waited on God for deliverance, but no deliverance came. Several hours passed, but no help! No hope!

I began to argue to myself, saying, "Why, this money is the Lord's, and we both are the Lord's most assuredly, and since He does not send help to us through any other way, I cannot see why I should not borrow five dollars from it. He surely will not let us starve." So once more I got out my bank book and took the pen in my hand, but the same thing happened. I could not possibly touch my hand on the

bank book. This time also an additional awe or fear came upon me that I had thus been repeatedly trying to rob God instead of waiting patiently on Him, so I tremblingly said, "Forgive me, Lord. If we starve to death I will not attempt this any more." Soon after this, the war broke out. My people, my friends, relatives—yes, even members of my own immediate family in Turkey were in distress and in dire need of financial help, but I would not even *think of touching that money* in trying to help them, even if I knew they were starving to death, although still I did not know for what object that money was waiting in the bank. But last year, soon after the Lord so distinctly called us to go to Jerusalem, He also revealed His will concerning this thousand dollars. It was this: He wanted me to use it for an additional building of one or two FASTING and PRAYING ROOMS in our headquarters in Jerusalem; that is, these rooms must be dedicated or set aside for the use of people of all the nationalities, that in that chosen city, Jews, Gentiles and Moslems, whoever had trouble of any kind, bodily, mentally, spiritually, or in any other way, if they desired to come into these rooms to pray to God *with fastings* for their afflictions, they should feel free to do so (See 1 Kings 8:37-43). I was more than delighted thus to find out the mind of God concerning this thousand dollars of mine, or rather His own. And what an object! How sacred! This being the case concerning all the money I had in the world, some months later Dr. Reynolds asked me in that last night's talk in Kansas City if I had any money of my own, etc. I could with clearest conscience answer him that I had none, because I could never own this money. It is not mine. It is the Lord's. How I wish this thousand dollars could be multiplied many fold in some way or other, so that we could have as

many such rooms in our prospective home in Jerusalem as possible, for I feel that one or two will not be sufficient for an object like this, in a place like Jerusalem.

I also desired very much to have some "prophet's chambers" (2 Kings 4:8-11), as many as we possibly can have in connection with our home in Jerusalem, to entertain our guests over there. Hundreds of friends, all over this country, have expressed a great desire to come to Jerusalem and visit us when we go there; quite a number among these have told us that they meant it, too.

We shall be exceedingly glad to entertain any of our American friends over there in Jerusalem, as much as it lies in our power financially to do so; but we don't like to put a dozen or a half dozen of them in the same room, and at the same time let them sleep on the floor, as the natives generally do in that country.

I am sure our dear Treasurer, Rev. E. G. Anderson, will be glad to receive any gift for either or both of these worthy objects: "Fasting and Praying Rooms," and "Prophet's Chambers." If the Lord puts it into the hearts of the readers of this little book to do so, let them obey Him. Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive" (Acts 20:35).

I have waited on God for a name for our prospective home or headquarters in Jerusalem, and I am inclined to believe that he wants us to call it "El-Bethel"—Bethel meaning "House of God" and "El-Bethel," "The God of Bethel," or the "God of the House of God."

So if Jesus carries our future address in our prospective mission field will be:

Nazarene El-Bethel, Jerusalem, Syria.

Those of our friends here in America, who can not come to Jerusalem, can write to us—to my nephew, Rev. S. C. Krikorian, and myself—at the above address, and it will find us.

It will be a great pleasure for us to hear from the dear ones on this side of the water, and we will gladly answer them as much as our time will permit us. We will also pray for them in Jerusalem, on the Mount of Olives, and in the Garden of Gethsemane (Matt. 26:36; Luke 22:41-44; Titus 2:13, 14), and in return we beg them to pray for us (Eph. 6:18).

## XIV

### PERSONAL TESTIMONY

I never dreamed of making public some of the secrets of my life along the line of personal giving, but I feel that the Lord wants me to do so; therefore, for the glory of God I want to finish my little book with my own testimony concerning GIVING unto the Lord.

By His help and grace I have lived all my life through very economically, so as to save every dollar and every cent possible for the cause of Christ. I do not think I have spent forty dollars altogether for my clothing in all these twenty-three years or more I have been in America.

The winter hat that I wear now was bought for twenty-five cents, and this is the fifth winter I am using it. I have heard repeated compliments from my friends as to how nice it looks, although many of them do not know its price, nor how long I have been wearing it. Usually I buy a frame for fifteen or twenty cents, and trim it myself with some pieces of silk or satin from among my goods. Careful washing and pressing do not generally spoil these goods. One hat frame serves me all the year round, and often quite a number of years. I take off the trimming of one season and put on that which is appropriate for the following season.

The same has been the case with many of my clothes; that is, I have made them of the goods of my Dorcas Society, and some of these are real fine clothes.

Only a day or two ago my next door neighbor,

who is a prominent Christian worker (president of the W. C. T. U.) of this city of Pasadena, seeing a house jacket on me, said, "Where do you get such fine things? And how nicely it is made!"

I have a coarse linen skirt which I bought full twenty-two years ago for ninety-eight cents. I have been wearing it almost every summer since then. I have altered it twice during this time, and I think I can wear it yet until Jesus comes or I go to Him by the way of death, if He tarries, although I do not expect to die, but "meet the Lord in the air" (1 Thess. 4:17).

I have not used three dozen eggs or three pounds of butter during the last two or three years, not because I don't like them, for I *do*, perhaps more than you do. A soft boiled egg and a little butter on my toast or bread in the morning with a cup of hot water and a few drops of milk in it, would be the best breakfast for me, but I "put a knife to my throat" (Prov. 23:2), and save that much for my perishing people, as well as for the millions in this world starving both physically and spiritually.

This is the rule of my life in its every detail and necessity. And yet, do you think for a moment that I suffer for it in any way at all? *No! Nothing of the kind!* The truth is just the contrary. Many a time after eating my dinner, which might have consisted only of the boiled green tops of my radishes that I grow in the back yard, with only salt and pepper on it, or other such preparations, I raise my whole being to my God and thank Him from the very bottom of my heart for enjoying it so immensely, and pity millions of the rich of this rich country who have dyspepsia and all kinds of stomach troubles and other diseases because their "god is their belly" (Phil. 3:19).

My household furniture and decorations, which

cost me only thirty-three cents, give me more joy and pleasure than the costly furnishings of palaces do to Christless kings and queens of this world.

No one can ever realize my joy, at times, when by such strict economy I have been able to save as much as a hundred dollars to give at one time for the foreign missionary cause in India, Africa, or China, as well as in my own benighted land.

Last of all, how can I express the kindness and goodness of the Lord in granting this perfect health and strength to me! I am a wonder to myself. I was fifty-eight years of age on the 16th of last July, and yet every tooth in my mouth is my own, and perfect. They are as strong a set of teeth as can ever be; no dentist has ever touched any of them, and I do not know what toothache means. Often I crack English walnuts with them.

For the last twenty-five or twenty-six years I have taken the Lord Jesus for my Healer (Isaiah 53:5; Matt. 8:17; 1 Peter 2:24). Since then I have not taken a single drop of medicine nor has a pill passed through these lips. This, though, does not mean that I am never sick, for I *am* sometimes. We are not at that time and place yet where the "inhabitants shall not say, I am sick" (Isaiah 33:24). That will come when our "eyes shall see the King in his beauty." But it means that until then it is my privilege and blood-bought right to live by faith, moment by moment, on the very life of Christ, who is our life (Col. 1:4), just as I breathe in the natural air for my physical body. And yet I must confess that most of my sickness is the result of my presumptuousness. I am so healthy that I am apt to go against the laws of nature, and then nature punishes me, as my father used to say. Even then, when I confess my fault and perform my duty in calling the elders of the church or a saint to

pray over me and anoint me with oil in the name of the Lord, He is so merciful as to forgive and heal me (James 5:14, 15).

During my travels in this country I was twice nearly frozen to death in snow storms in the East. In one of them I felt that I was standing face to face with death itself. I had no fear whatever, but instead an unspeakable joy came to my heart that I was going to see Jesus soon, and I began to laugh. On the other occasion my hands, feet, nose, and ears were all frozen, afterward they became sore and I suffered much with them, but they were all healed in time, only it left a mark with me which is this, that since then I am more sensitive to cold.

Many a time I have walked between fifty and one hundred blocks, yet without being specially fatigued. This I did when my shoes were old and so were not injured by thus trying to save car fare.

About fifteen years ago, when I was keeping house for my youngest brother, David, in New York City, one day I became very sick. My brother offered to bring a doctor for me. I objected, saying that Jesus, the chief Physician, was there with me, and that He was going to heal me soon. David insisted on calling the physician, but I begged of him not to do so. He at last felt obliged to tell me frankly what he thought of my condition and said that I was very sick, and might die. I still told him that it did not matter how bad I might be, or might seem to him to be, Jesus had power to heal me, and He was going to do so very soon. At last he got somewhat angry and said, "If not for your sake, Rebecca, I must bring the doctor for my own sake, because if anything should happen to you I may be arrested and imprisoned." I still tried to persuade him not to go. He did not argue any longer, but soon disappeared.





DAVID KRIKORIAN

In a few minutes after he left, all my pains left me and I did not know that I was sleeping so soundly and sweetly until I felt some one shaking me by my shoulder roughly. When I opened my eyes I saw a great, big, nice-looking fellow, with blue eyes, light complexion, broad forehead, and yellow hair, sitting in a very dignified manner by my bedside. I looked at him in great astonishment, because in that first moment I could not even remember that I had been very sick an hour or two ago. "I am the Lord that healeth thee," and "He giveth his beloved sleep" (Exodus 15:26, and Psalm 127:2).

He said to me, "I am the doctor. I understand you are very sick, so I came to help you." I answered, "Yes sir, I *was very sick indeed* a few hours ago, but now there is nothing the matter with me. I am perfectly well and was sleeping very soundly before you woke me up." "I must make a diagnosis of your case, all the same," he said, "and so I want to make a thorough examination of you." I said, "No sir, thank you." He said, "Yes, I must." I answered, "No sir, you must *not!*" There is no necessity at all for such a thing. I am *perfectly well.*" "Yes, there is," he answered, "You may have another attack, and that may come very soon, and you may die." I said, "I do not think so." "What makes you so obstinate?" I answered, "Because I have a more skilful Physician than you are, and He gave me the assurance that I shall not die!" "How do you mean? Who is it?" he asked. I answered, "The Lord Jesus." "What nonsense! How silly! Leave your Lord Jesus alone! He has His place, but it is not here!" Matthew 7:6 came to my mind, and I was not led to talk to him another word. He stood for another minute, then in an angry tone he continued, "I will give a prescription to your brother

(who was in the next room). You must drink one teaspoonful of it every hour," and he left.

It is full sixteen years now since this event took place. I am still alive and much healthier and stronger in my body than I was at that time. Now which one of us was the wiser? That high-headed, high-minded, highly educated, and rich but Christless doctor of the city of New York, or I—"The nonsensical," the "silly" Rebecca—yes, "foolish" enough to take the Word of God just as it says, and stick to it for life and death?

Oh, glory to God! whose foolishness is wiser than men, and whose weakness is stronger than men (1 Cor. 1:18-31). "For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts, saith the Lord" (Isaiah 55:8, 9). "In that hour Jesus rejoiced in spirit and said, I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent and hast revealed them unto babes; even so, Father; for so it seemed good in thy sight" (Luke 10:24).

I had a second cousin, on my father's side, by the name of "Varteny Bajie." "Varteny" means "rose-bush" in the Armenian language, and "bajie" is "sister" in Turkish. She was a widow from her teens, and died at the age of 101 years, soon after I came to America. As the very meaning of her name signified in these two combined languages, she was a real perfume of Jesus Christ, both to the Christians and to the Turks, wherever she went throughout our large city of Aintab as well as in some other cities in Turkey, full of all kinds of good deeds, like her cousin, my own sainted father. She would always remind me of one particular character in the Bible, "Anna, a prophetess, the daughter of Phanuel, of the tribe of Aser; she was of a great age, and lived with an husband seven years

from her virginity; and she was a widow of about fourscore and four years, which departed not from the temple, but served God with fastings and prayers night and day" (Luke 2:36, 37). In my childhood,



MISS KRIKORIAN

When Fifty-three Years Old

when I was old enough to understand good and evil, she was my pattern. How I used to admire this charming and aged relative of ours! And my childish prayer to God, I well remember, was this: that I, too, might live as old as my Varteny Bajie, and be as good as she was. This desire of my childhood is known in our

family, as well as among some outside friends. My nephew Samuel, in his last letter, addressed me: "My dear prospective 101 years old Aunt Rebecca:" So cute, isn't it? It really seems to me that God was pleased with those childish desires of my heart, and is answering them right along, because I am, indeed, a living monument of the miraculous power of God, wrought in me all these years! He still works and performs miracles upon miracles in my body every day until I have this wonderful experience and glorious testimony that the older I am growing the younger and healthier and happier I am feeling. For the joy of the Lord is my strength (Neh. 8:10). "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength: they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint" (Isaiah 40:31).

By relating these things, my friends, I do not mean to persuade or urge you to do and live as I do, but I do mean, in the first place, to glorify God by giving this testimony that the more I practice the self-sacrificing spirit for the help of the helpless ones in this world of grief and suffering, the more He blesses me in my *body, soul, and spirit*. And, in the second place, I can not help but feel that if every child of God would live as I live, this world of ours would be a happier one with millions of healthier, cheerful, and joyful Christians, instead of unhappy and gloomy ones who dishonor Christ and His religion. Besides, millions of dollars would have been piled up in no time for the cause of Christ, and the last member of His blessed body would have been found, saved, and sanctified long before this, and we would have been "gathered together unto Him" long ago.

I feel that I have not begun my life work yet. It will begin in Jerusalem, where I expect to be the

mother or the matron of our prospective home, or our missionary headquarters over there. This expectation of mine is not unscriptural either. Moses began his life work after he was eighty years of age.

"The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree: he shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon. Those that be planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God. They shall still bring forth fruit in OLD AGE; they shall be fat and flourishing; to show that the Lord is upright: He is my rock, and there is no unrighteousness in him" (Psalm 92:12-15).

"If thou draw out thy soul to the hungry, and satisfy the afflicted soul; then shall thy light rise in obscurity, and thy darkness be as the noon day: and the Lord shall guide thee continually and satisfy thy soul in drought, and make fat thy bones: and thou shalt be like a watered garden, and like a spring of water, whose waters fail not" (Isaiah 58:10, 11).

Another experience in my life may help some who are in like trials:

At the beginning of the late war, when the fiendish work of deportation had begun in Turkey, and later when we heard of our own immediate family in Aintab being exiled to Damascus where the Turks and their cruelties are the fiercest, both Samuel and I had a terrible time here in Pasadena. At such times in life one thinks he can bear anything better than suspense.

In one of those days I went to my bed at night but could not sleep until about 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning. The enemy constantly brought before the eyes of my imagination most horrible pictures of the torments and tortures of my bleeding and dying loved ones in Damascus, until at last I felt sure I was at the very verge of losing my mind. I was horrified! I felt I could not pray, yet I knew that prayer was the only remedy for my agonizing mind and aching heart. I then gathered together all my will power, and concentrating my poor mind, which was just about giving way, on Jesus as on a hook, as it were, and as though I were merely hanging myself on Him, I began to cry

out, "Jesus! Jesus! J  sus! Jesus! Jesus!" endlessly repeating only this one single word, His blessed name (Acts 2:21). At the same time I was trying to think of Him and His wonderful love, power; and willingness to save me. By and by I found myself thinking of, and then repeating aloud, such passages as the following: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee: because he trusteth in thee" (Isa. 26:3). "Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and *minds* through Christ Jesus" (Phil. 4:6, 7). "Giving thanks always for all things unto God and the father in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ" (Eph. 5:20; and 1 Cor. 10:13; 1 Peter 4:12, 13, etc.) Later I began to think of Peter, when he was in the prison and was to be beheaded the next morning. How sweetly and soundly he slept, chained between two Roman soldiers while sixteen others kept the prison door. He slept so soundly that the angel of the Lord, who came to deliver him, had to smite him on the side to wake him up. I felt I should practice the same trust and confidence in God. At last the eyes of my faith caught sight of Jesus himself in all His love, power and majesty, with outstretched arms, saying, "Come unto me . . . and I will give you rest." It was a marvelous sight. The human tongue can never portray, neither can unregenerated heart comprehend. I had read and preached on that well-known passage many and many a time, but I never had the experience of seeing and hearing the One who uttered it in Matthew 11:28. At once, with my glad heart full of joy, I bowed down before Him and said, "Thy will be done, Lord. Even if every single member of my

beautiful large family has been swept away into eternity, I still bow down before Thee and say, 'Thy will be done.' 'The Lord gave and the Lord hath taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord'." Soon after this vision of Jesus I must have lost myself in sweet sleep. "He giveth His beloved sleep" (Psalm 127:2). Who knows but it might have been sweeter and sounder sleep than Peter's was? When I awoke at about 10 o'clock the next morning, I found myself an entirely new person in body, mind, and spirit—no fear, no care, no worry, no anxiety whatever. All my loved ones were committed into His care whether they were in this world of weal and woe, or in the next world of bliss and happiness with Him. This tranquility of perfect peace and rest of mind and heart has continued unbroken from that day to this, although during the war we never heard a word from them, and did not know for a long time whether they were dead or alive. And now, since the war stopped, we are hearing from our loved ones in Aintab and learning that not one of them was killed or starved to death by the Turks, although we do not know yet how it came to pass that they escaped it all. Letters are still being censored, and they cannot write all they wish; besides their letters reach us very late.

Does it pay or not to trust Jesus with a "perfect heart" (2 Chron. 16:9) in the darkest hours and seemingly most helpless trials and temptations of life? Yes! A million times! "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him" (Job 13:15; see also Hab. 3:17-19; Isa. 41:10; 43:2; Dan. 3:19-29; 6:16-23).

The following is part of the last letter which I received from my brother, Rev. H. K. Krikorian, of Constantinople, since the war closed:



Bible House, Constantinople,  
May 28, 1919.

My Dear Sister Rebecca:

I was delighted to receive your letter of the 30th of March today. I rejoice to hear of your health, as you did for ours. The good Lord kept us under the shadow of His hand. But, oh, what times we have been through! And now the tremendous work before us! The great loss in Aintab! The great loss in all the nation! But what a loss! what a ruin! moral as well as material. The whole country is full of orphans, widows, and helpless men. And the moral ruin! Inconceivable! The children have been wandering in the streets and among the Turks for four or five years without any Christian nurture. Thousands have been brought up in Turkish harems or Turkish orphanages. They have lost their language, and religion, and nationality. And the girls and the young women that had been carried away by the Turks, Kurds, and Arabs! Many of them can not return to their old condition. Those who return are ruined, bodily and morally! The depth of the fall and the magnitude of the disaster is beyond comprehension! Almost all our workers have perished. Most of our educated womanhood have been either killed or carried away to captivity. The whole nation is to be renovated, regenerated. Therefore, we need workers! *workers!* WORKERS! Who can find a better field anywhere than among these fallen and despondent Armenian girls and young women? I am sure here is an unexampled field for Christian work.

Such letters, and even sadder ones, are showering upon us now from every direction in Turkey, and yet the same miraculous power of God sustains and upholds me moment by moment. Glory be to Him forever and ever.

The writer of the above letter, my brother, Rev. H. K. Krikorian, is the flower of our family, yes, one such of our nation, a highly educated, refined, eloquent, and deeply spiritual man of God.

Since his equals have perished in the repeated late massacre, and especially in the late deportation in Turkey, he is now the foremost Christian worker in our country. He is a graduate of Yale Theological Seminary in his youth, over 30 years ago, and later, a

post-graduate student of the same seminary. In those early days the professors and teachers of Christian theology of such colleges in this country were not the leaders of destructive higher criticism, denying the godhead or the deity of Jesus Christ, the efficacy of His blood, or the infallibility of the Bible, such as Prof. Charles Foster Kent of Yale, or Prof. Gerard Birney Smith of Chicago University. These men in their volumes and guide books to the study of the Christian religion dare to declare such things as would make one almost a blasphemer even to quote. But my brother, Rev. H. K. Krikorian, is thoroughly orthodox in his views of doctrinal truths. He believes strongly, and lives, teaches, and preaches the fundamental truths of the Bible. He was the professor of theology for 18 years in the Central Turkey College (American) of our own town, Aintab, which was a large, rich, and beautiful city, with an exceptionally intelligent and educated population of sixty or seventy thousand people, until the late war; and for the last twenty years or more he has been a minister of the gospel in Constantinople, and editor of one of the best Christian papers in Turkey. He was loved and honored by many of the leading religious and political Turkish men of that city. It was not a strange thing to see in his church, from time to time, some Turks who came to hear him preach; and once about a dozen Mullas (Mohammedan religious teachers with big white turbans) were present and expressed their great appreciation. Wonderful, is it not?

During the war and the uproar in Constantinople, the following was the story of his deliverance as reported here: His life was sought, together with all the rest of the prominent Armenians in the city, but one of the Turkish officials, a pasha, took him to his home to save his life. When the mob came there and

claimed him, this pasha went out and said to them, "This man's life is too great and useful for me to deliver him into your hands to be killed." When they insisted, he threatened them, saying, "I have authority to punish you." The mob was dispersed, and thus my brother's life was miraculously saved. After this his church and people were all destroyed, and during the last two or three years of the war my brother was employed as one of the teachers in Robert College, Constantinople.

Since the war has ceased, and the Turks have lost much of their power, the most lamentable condition of the remnant of our helpless nation attracts my brother's attention very greatly, as you can see from the above quotation from his letter to me. Consequently, he is intending to leave Constantinople and go into the interior parts of Armenia, especially to the provinces of Konia (Iconium), Diarbekeer, etc., to do all in his power, by the help of God, to liberate those of our young women and girls who are still captives and struggling victims of the tyranny of the most brutal Turks and Kurds over there.

The intelligent author of the book called "Islam, Turkey, and Armenia, and How They Happened," says:

Many of the books about Turkey and Armenia are written by men who have made short visits to, or lived in, the sea-coast cities, writing of what they saw there, which is far from the real Turkish life and practice. The typical Turkish life can not be seen in the seacoast cities, as Constantinople, Smyrna, Beyrout, Jaffa, etc., which have slowly lost their originalities through constant contact with Europeans and Americans, who are always present as missionaries and merchants and visitors in great numbers. Very few travelers undertake to enter the interior of the empire. Such parties pass rapidly and, as a rule, are guided by Turkish *zabteyahs*, and are led to the most favorable cities, where the Turkish authorities are prepared

to give them a favorable impression. Thus these travelers can know but little about the real situation.

We Armenians know positively that what this author says is the exact truth about the real Turkish life and practice in the interior of the Turkish Empire, whose subjects we are.

Can the reader imagine the hellish torments of our beautiful, honorable, delicate and pure Christian virgins and young married women who have been in the hands of these demon-possessed men for all these five or more years? It is a mystery to me how they can be still living under such circumstances! And do you not think to liberate such captives is a humanitarian act, to say nothing about Christianity? And that is what my dear brother is going to undertake.

The expression in the Bible about Jesus' being our "brother" was made clear to me many years ago, while watching the life of this brother of mine in his love, tender care, and protection of me to such an extent that he was almost ready to lay down his life for me. And because I know him, I have no doubt that he would be the same to perfect strangers whom he thought needed his help.

It was at the time of the first horrible massacre of 1895, I wrote and begged him to come to America and save his life. He wrote me, in reply: "No! No! my sister, our grief-stricken people need my assistance. I much prefer to stay here and help them and die with them, or for them, if need be, rather than to come to America to save my life." I wrote and begged again and again, but could not persuade him. And his service to our suffering and dying people at that time was valuable beyond expression.

It seems he is being led again of God to undertake another such heroic step, only this time it will be much more difficult, and humanly speaking almost impos-

sible. Yet he knows, as well as you and I, that "The things that are impossible with men are possible with God."

He never wrote me about the financial side of the question, but who cannot see that he will need much money for a gigantic work like this! And we can easily realize that there is no money for this cause in Turkey now-a-days. Not only that, but we are hearing that a terrible famine has been raging there, so that the cost of eatables and clothing and other things is raised a hundred times, and even more, above former prices. They have been writing to us that the people are suffering now as they have never suffered in the past—so much so, that some of our letters remind me of that awful famine in Samaria described in Second Kings 6:25-30.

Consequently I want to do all in my power to help my brother Hohanness financially, but my readers already know that I have not a cent of my own. But I am writing this second edition of my little book, "Jerusalem," with the hope and prayer that the Lord will put it into the hearts of our readers not only to help us with our mission in "Jerusalem" but also in this (in a sense) more sacred cause (Gal. 6:10).

Since learning more recently about the most heart-rending condition of over one million remnants of our beloved people, Samuel and I, being united in spirit, according to Matthew 18:19, are praying for at least one hundred thousand dollars for this cause. And even that amount is a drop in the bucket when one considers the magnitude of the disaster and the enormity of the financial need in our home-land, the bleeding and dying Armenia. But, thank God, a still, small voice in me says, "The Lord is able to give thee much more than this" (2 Chron. 25:9).

My readers have already learned that it is our

intention to open other missionary stations in different parts of our country, "Jerusalem" being our headquarters. The Lord willing, we are expecting to return there in a few months, when we shall unite with my brother, Rev. H. K. Krikorian, in his work, and devote our energies to the uplifting of our ruined nation, as well as the preaching of the Christ to the Jews, the Gentiles, and the Moslems throughout the country; for I hear in the depths of my soul a voice whispering to me, "Call unto me, and I will answer thee, and show thee great and mighty things, which thou knowest not" (Jer. 33:3). To this my soul responds, "Since the beginning of the world men have not heard, nor perceived by the ear, neither hath the eye seen, O God, beside thee what he hath prepared for him that waiteth for him" (Isa. 64:4).

"Not that we are sufficient of ourselves to think anything, as of ourselves, but our sufficiency is of God" (2 Cor. 3:5).

"Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto him be glory in the church by Christ Jesus, throughout all ages, world without end" (Eph. 3:20, 21). Amen and Amen.

Remember the name and address of our General Treasurer is: Rev. E. G. Anderson, 2109 Troost Avenue, Kansas City, Mo.

The same address will also find us (my nephew, S. C. Krikorian, and myself) while yet in this country, wherever we may be.

Friends who would like to correspond directly with my brother, H. K. Krikorian, may address him at the Bible House, Constantinople, Turkey, and the letter will reach him.

(See portrait over the leaf)



REV. H. K. KRIKORIAN OF CONSTANTINOPLE





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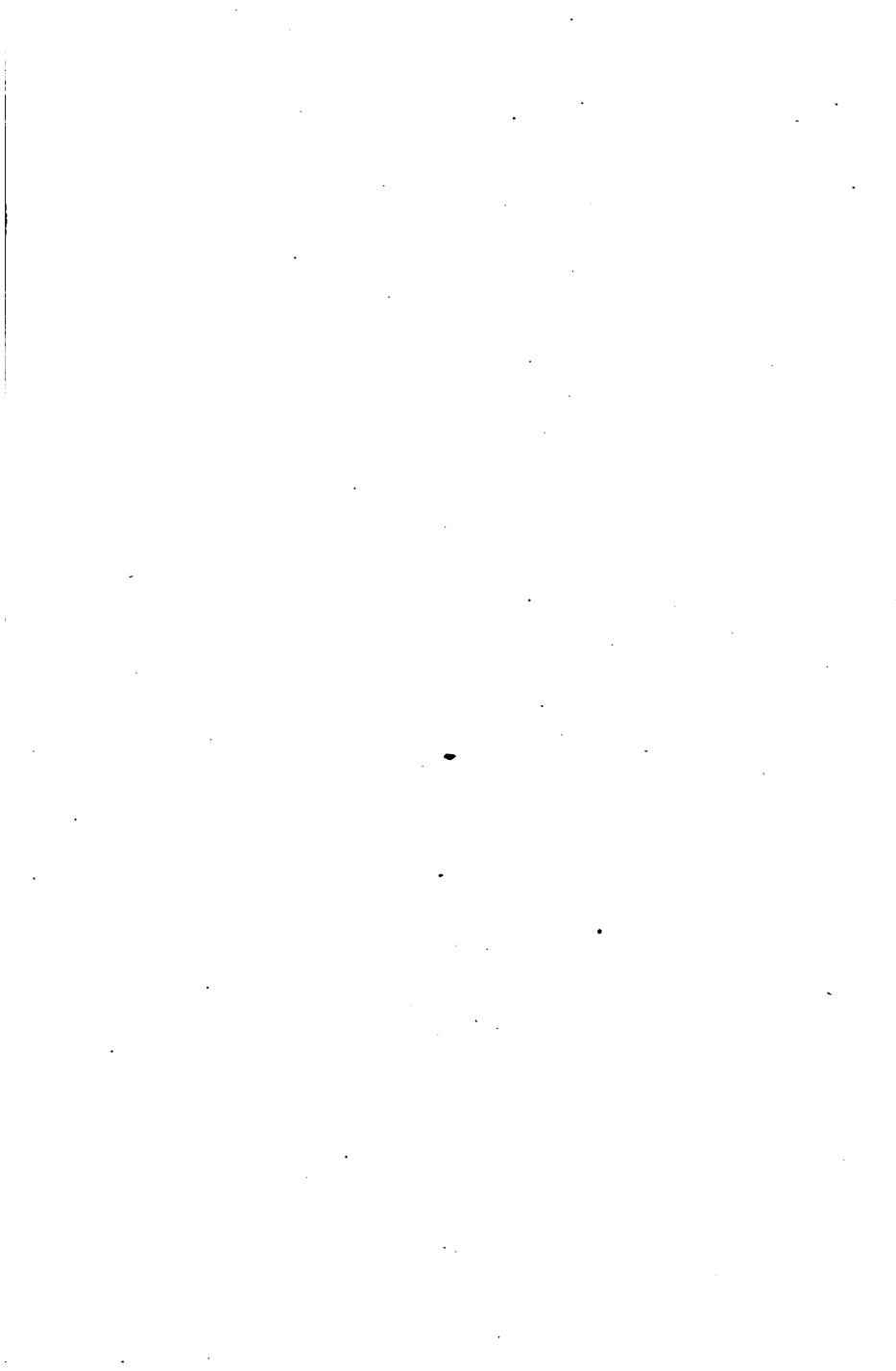
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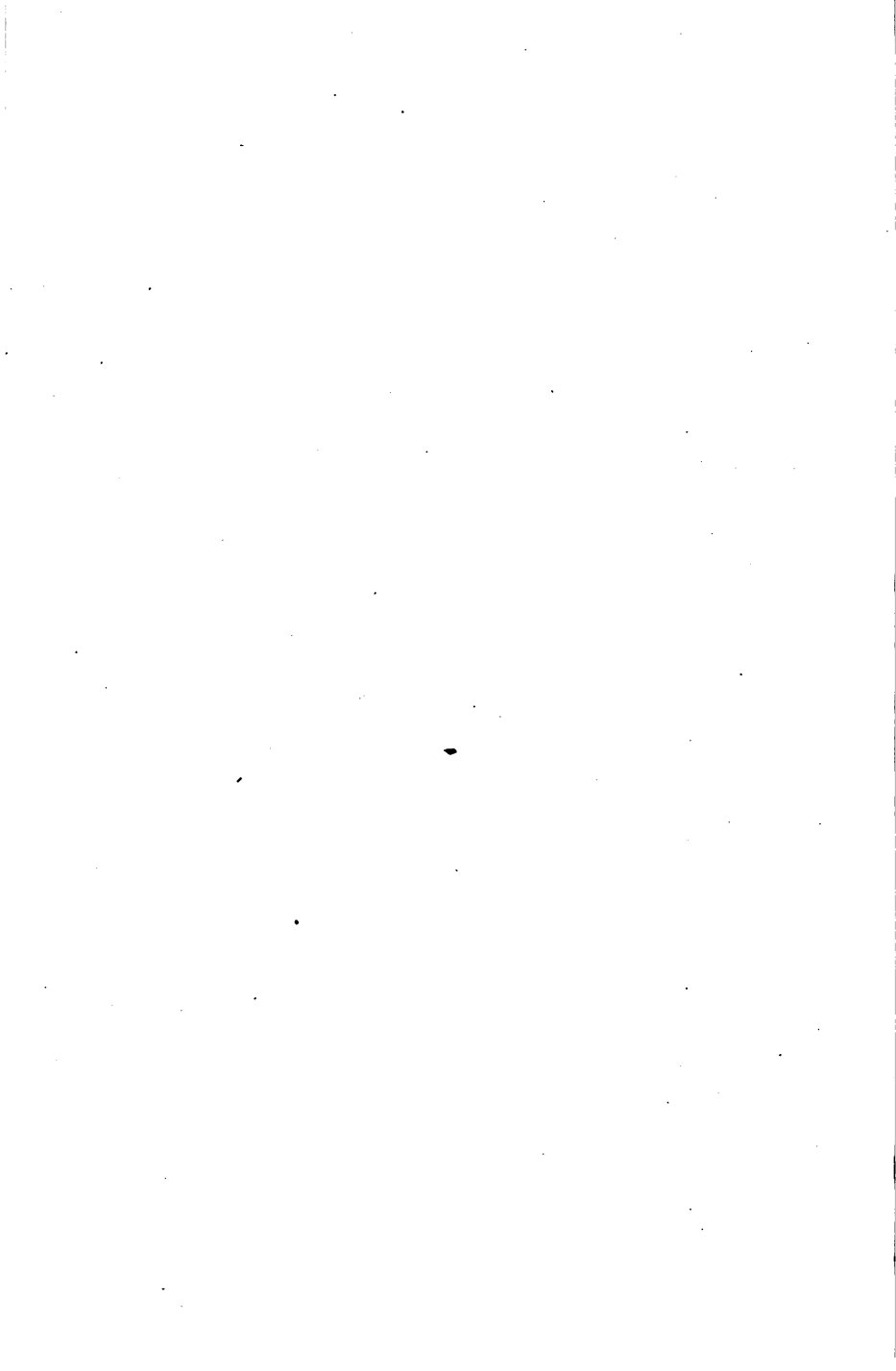
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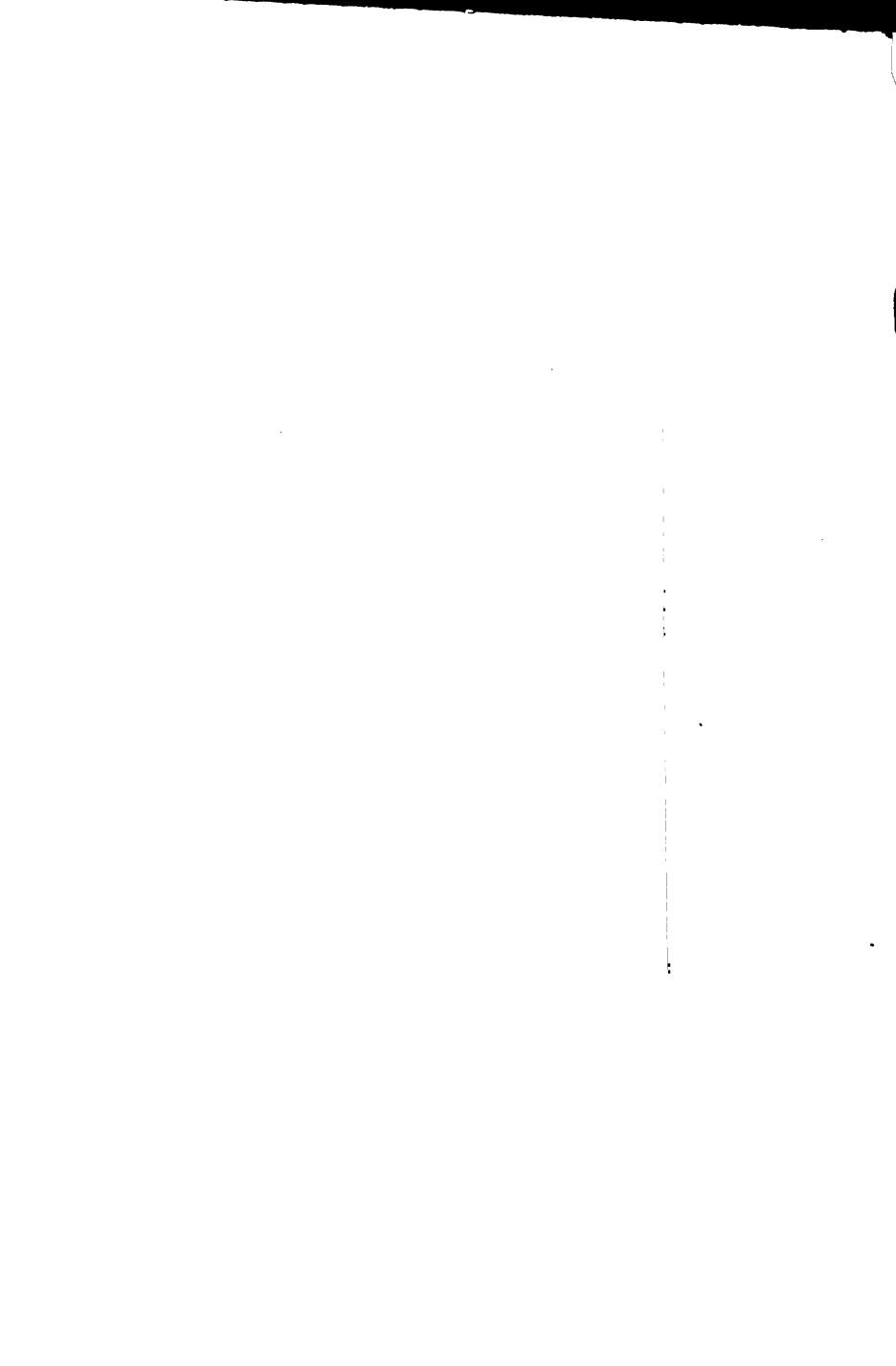
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